



EARTH FIRST!

FOSTAR EDITION

March 21, 1983

Vol. III, No. III

700 ARRESTED IN AUSTRALIA



Bob Brown, member of Parliament, and others before arrest on Franklin River, Tasmania. John Seed is holding Earth First! flag.

Australia Says "No" To Franklin River Dam

Clearly, the world leadership in wilderness preservation has passed to Australia. While the environmental establishment in the United States preaches moderation and practices meekness, the "Greenies" of Down Under are taking courageous/exemplary action to protect their wilderness and are sending the world a message—a message of the path of right action which must be taken to safeguard natural diversity.

Last issue, John Seed reported in these pages on the successful effort of Australians to blockade the logging of the Nightcap rainforest and have it declared a National Park. One hundred and thirty were arrested before victory came. In the fall, Seed and others moved down to the island state of Tasmania to join the Tasmanian Wilderness Society (TWS) in the battle against the destruction of the wild Franklin and Gordon Rivers by a billion dollar dam in the heart of one of the world's most precious wildernesses.

By early February over 700 people had been arrested for trespass on HEC (Tasmanian Hydro Electric Commission) territory in the remote temperate rainforest wilderness at the juncture of the Gordon and

Franklin. Among those arrested was Bob Brown, member of the Australian Parliament and "1982 Australian of the Year." The trespassers face 6 months in prison. David Bellamy, an English botanist, and others were on a hunger strike in a Hobart jail. 15,000 people marched through Melbourne in November in protest of the dam (this was the largest rally in Australia since the Vietnam War). Even Prince Charles has come out in opposition.

In a Tasmanian state referendum on which of two different dam sites were preferred, 40% wrote in "no dams" on their ballots and in a show of support, 40.4% of the voters in the state of Victoria wrote "No Dams" across their ballots in a parliamentary election. John Seed reports that over 70 branches of the Tasmanian Wilderness Society have sprung up around Australia. The dam has become a major national political issue as the Greens attempt to force the Federal Government of Australia to override the Tasmanian State Government and save the Wild Rivers National Park of Southwest Tasmania (a recent Gallup Poll indicates that 55% of all Australians want such intervention with less than 20% opposed.)

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BLOCKADE UPDATES

Until recently, the Pacific Coast from Northern California to Southeast Alaska held the most magnificent forest on Earth. Of all our moral failures, few equal the destruction of these cathedrals of redwood, spruce, cedar, and Douglas fir. There is a world outcry today over the extermination of old growth forest, but in the United States, the self-proclaimed world's leader in conservation, the Forest Service sets about with religious zeal to annihilate the forest of the Pacific.

Of the unprotected areas not yet ravaged by the Forest Service, the Kalmiopsis/Siskiyou mountains on the California/Oregon border are arguably the finest. The greatest diversity of conifers on earth is in the Siskiyou/Kalmiopsis country. These forested mountains give refuge to wolverine, black bear, spotted owl, fisher, pileated woodpecker and other wilderness dependent species. The rivers are important steelhead and salmon spawning streams. But without courageous action on the part of those who love the trees, the Freddies will rip the soul out of these mountains by summer's end.

The United States Forest Service plans to road and clearcut both the Siskiyou and Kalmiopsis. Local Earth Firsters have vowed to follow the example of our sisters and brothers in Australia and stop the Freddie bulldozers and chainsaws with their bodies. More detailed information and plans will be presented in the May Day issue of *Earth First!*

The Siskiyou and the G-O Road

Probably the wildest forested region in California, the Siskiyou roadless area east of Crescent City not only has critical ecological values, but the Blue Creek area to the south and the high country around Doctor Rock and Chimney Rock are sacred lands to the Yurok, Karok, and Tolowa tribes native to the region. For 20 years the Forest Service has been trying to build a super logging road across the high country be-

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SALT CREEK ARRESTS

There was a cold wind across the thick mud of the Salt Creek Wilderness in New Mexico on February 3. But Neil Cobb and Bob Seeley of Earth First! stood their ground. Holding an American flag and "Love It or Leave It" banner across the Yates Petroleum Company haul road to a drilling rig in the now-famous wilderness, they faced down a dozen roughnecks and their trucks. Jerry French of the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, which administers the wilderness as part of the Bitter Lakes National Wildlife Refuge, warned Cobb and Seeley that they were violating the Department of Interior closure of the wilderness around the drill rig and haul road. Cobb and Seeley stood their ground.

Later, at 3:20 P.M., Sheriff's deputies arrested the Earth Firsters, handcuffed them, and hauled them off to the Chaves County jail in Roswell where they were held under \$500 bond.

How easily the world turns... Two months earlier, Yates had been soundly defeated in its attempt to drill for natural gas in the Salt Creek Wilderness after an Earth First! blockade had helped convince a Federal judge to issue an injunction against the illegal drilling. But as conservationists slept, the lame duck session of Congress modified



Neil Cobb arrested by sheriff's deputies.

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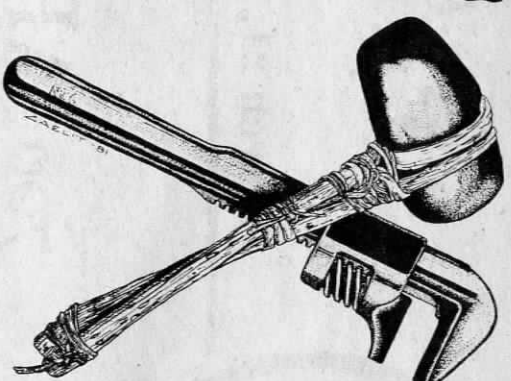
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Around the Campfire



JOHN ZAELT

EDITORIAL The Lesson of Salt Creek Snatching Defeat from the Jaws of Victory

There's no kick below the belt that hurts quite so much as losing after you've thought you've won. As our headline this issue reports, we've been kicked hard at Salt Creek. There's no use crying over our defeat. What's important is to ask what went wrong—and what went right.

What went right is easy. Earth First-New Mexico did a tremendous and courageous job. On short notice and in bad weather, Neil Cobb and Bob Seelye put their bodies on the line and blockaded Yates Petroleum in defiance of the Department of Interior and the Chaves County Sheriff's Department. They were arrested and face having the book thrown at them (six months in jail and \$500 fines as contrasted with Yates' \$50 fine for destructive, violent trespass). Neil and Bob are heroes and have set a fine example of right action for the rest of us to follow.

But what went wrong? Why did we lose at Salt Creek after we had gained so much national support? At the risk of being critical of our friends in the environmental community, it was because the rest of the conservation groups did little. Earth First! is not the environmental movement. We are only a part of it. We can only fill a few roles. New Mexico, the Sierra Club, Audubon Society, and Wilderness Society were conspicuously absent from the Salt Creek fight (in all fairness the Club was involved on Capitol Hill). The environmental groups that operate within the system were not prepared to battle the compromise on the leasing prohibition in the appropriation bills. The groups in New Mexico were not lobbying the New Mexico Congressional Delegation to stand firm to keep Yates out of Salt Creek. The only groups in New

Mexico doing a damn thing were Earth First! and the New Mexico Wildlife Federation. Strange bedfellows but we enjoyed the company.

It has also been obvious from the beginning that the whole Salt Creek affair was a set-up between Watt and the oil industry to open up the Wilderness System. They aren't stopping with Salt Creek. Congress has prohibited new leasing in wilderness until October 1982. The Wilderness Act prohibits it after December 31, 1982. Jim Watt has promised he will not lease in the October/December window. But what is really being done is that Watt is laying the groundwork for a "sweetheart" suit from the Rocky Mountain Oil & Gas Association or Mountain States Legal Foundation to force him to lease Wilderness Areas in that period. And Congress and the environmental establishment are sleeping.

So, what can we learn? First, we must make sure that establishment conservation groups are playing their proper role while we are out on the front lines. Second, we know the Reagan Administration and industry are serious about destroying the Wilderness System. And third, non-violent direct action has a tremendous role in galvanizing popular public support and delaying destruction.

What is there to do now?

First, we must be prepared to act swiftly and courageously when attacks come. Second, we should demand a Congressional hearing (preferably in New Mexico) to investigate the collusion between the Department of the Interior and the Oil & Gas Industry on Salt Creek. Write The Hon. John Seiberling, House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. 20515 and ask him what went wrong and ask him to launch an investigation with a field hearing in New Mexico.

Remember Salt Creek!

—Dave Foreman

Letters to the Editor



Ed. note: We have received an overwhelming amount of mail from the Outside article, Salt Creek action, and West Coast Road Show. The above are a very brief sampling. We'd like to respond personally to all of you who wrote but simply do not have the time if we are to also crank out the paper and organize on our many issues. Allow us to thank all of you for your interest. If this issue of EFT doesn't suffice for a reply, write us back and we will respond personally.

With this issue of *Earth First!* we are back on schedule and I trust you received your copy by March 21. Crises permitting, we will make a determined effort to remain on schedule. We received a number of inquiries from you all about the lateness of the Yule issue. It must mean that you're actually reading *EFT*! We also continue to receive a few complaints about botched up orders and subscriptions. If you have any such problem let us know and we will rectify it. Also, keep in mind that it takes several weeks to process your subscription so if you've just paid and have a red check on your mailing label, don't fret. You won't be dropped (we give all subscribers at least a full issue grace period, anyway).

The response we have received from the *Outside* article, the West Coast Road Show, and Salt Creek publicity has been extremely heartening but also disheartening. There has been tons of it! From marvelous folks all over the US and Canada. Many of these letters deserve personal replies but if we did that, our low rent outfit wouldn't have time to put out this newspaper or organize for the G-O Road/Bald Mtn. Road blockades this summer. That's the disheartening part. We hope you understand and will consider this issue of *EFT* as your reply. Write again if you have further questions.

Many of you writing in have asked about local groups. Check our local group listing on Page 8. Get in touch with your local contact directly. If you don't have a group in your area and would like to start one, write us. We are going to try to produce a brochure on local group organizing and action soon.

To the question, "What can I do?", the answer is to read this issue. See what other Earth Firsters are doing. One of our major projects, of course, is the SWAAT Team (Save Wilderness At Any Time). An application is on Page 18. We will soon be sending out a special letter to all of you who have signed up (and there are a bunch of you!).

I've got to apologize about the contents of *EFT* this issue. You've been promised the *EFT* Wilderness Preserve System map for two issues now, and you still don't have it. We'll do our darndest to have it in the May Day issue. We were too busy with the Road Show, Salt Creek, G-O Road, Bald Mtn. Road, etc. this time to complete it. Next issue, Promise. (I know, you've heard that line before.)

Nonetheless, there is a lot of meat in this issue. Australia continues to set the pace as our headline indicates. The Aussie Earth

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Earth First! is a publication of The Circle of Darkness. Entire contents are copyrighted, 1982, but we're more than happy to allow reprinting if credit is given. *Earth First!* is a forum for the radical environmental movement and responsibility rests with the respective authors and correspondents. While *Earth First!* does not accept the authority of the hierarchical state, nothing herein is intended to run us about of its police power.

Agents provocateurs will be dealt with by the Grizzly Defense League on the Mirror Plateau. All manner of contributions are welcomed and should be typed, double-spaced, and sent with a SASE (but we're loose and will take chicken scratches on clean toilet paper). Send everything to PO Box 235, Ely, NV 89301 except for poetry which should go to Art Goodtimes, PO Box 1008, Telluride, CO 81435.

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Son of RARE—Or, the Creature from the Reagan Lagoon

In a blatant and heavy-handed threat designed to force state Congressional delegations to pass inadequate wilderness bills with hard release and sufficiency language, the Reagan Administration has peremptorily canceled RARE II—and launched RARE III. John Crowell, formerly chief attorney for Louisiana-Pacific timber company and now Reagan's Assistant Secretary of Agriculture over the Forest Service said that the action was necessary because of recent court decisions which held that the Forest Service's RARE II environmental impact statement was inadequate. As Howie Wolke of Earth First! was quick to point out, however, the court rulings found only the non-wilderness recommendations of the Forest Service illegal but Crowell has tossed out the RARE II wilderness recommendations as well.

According to Crowell, RARE III will take place through the individual Forest Plans now being prepared by the Forest Service. Wolke urged local Earth Firsters to demand that RARE III be the Rooded Area Review and Evaluation (see his editorial in this issue).

Dear Folks of Earth First!

I just finished reading the recent article about your organization in *Outside* magazine. I am extremely pleased to see how much the organization has grown.

Two years ago, I was awakened in the middle of the night by loud heated debates in the apartment next door. Due to extremely thin walls, the discussion were heard with great clarity. Issues from the Sagebrush Rebellion to that infamous Glen Canyon Dam kept me awake for numerous hours. Although it was difficult to remain awake at work the next day, I had felt compelled to keep listening. The large gain in know-

EDITORIAL: RARE III

RARE III is a great idea! But let's do it right this time. After two lengthy Roadless Area Review and Evaluations (RARE I and RARE II), I think it's time for a nationwide review of all roadless areas. The Roadless Area Review and Evaluation (RARE III) would give the Forest Service an opportunity to begin to atone for past sins too numerous to count. It would also provide the agency with plenty of paperwork, and lots of planning to do. Bureaucrats love to plan. With the recession slowing the national forest timber sale program, RARE III is just what is needed to keep these dedicated bureaucrats from becoming bored.

A proper review of all roadless and developed national forestlands would begin with actual mapping of these areas. This will be relatively easy, even for the Forest Service, since all roadless areas were previously mapped during the RARE II process.

Next, will come the recommendation phase. All roadless areas would be put into one of the following three categories:

1. National Sacrifice Area: These areas will be allowed to remain in a roadless, developed condition. Clearcutting, strip-mining, soil erosion, pesticide application, impoverishment of natural gene pools, species extinction, siltation, cuts and fills, seismic blasting, oil rigs, oil-fields, off-road vehicles, and other forms of modern forest management will continue to occur in these areas. These activities will be subject, of course, to proper

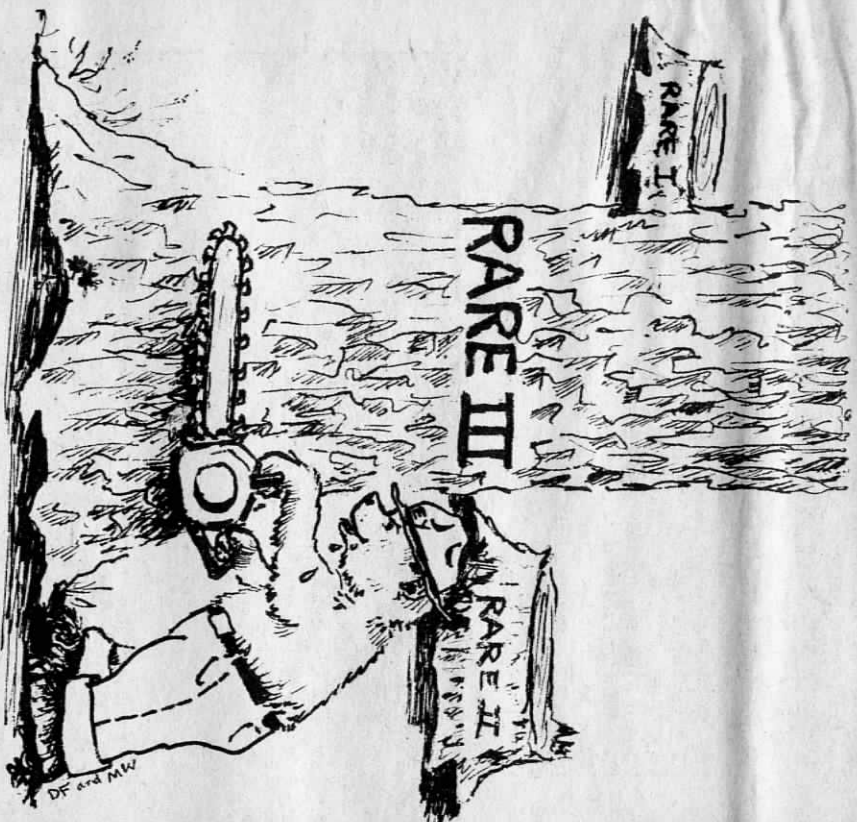
land use constraints based on existing and future land management plans.

2. Wilderness Recovery Areas: These areas will be managed to assure that they will revert to a wilderness condition. All roads will be closed and obliterated via re-contouring and re-seeding with native species. Nature will do the rest. The physical rehabilitation work could be done by a "Youth Demonstration Corps," consisting of unemployed inner-city teenagers. The YDC would be a wonderful way to put these kids to productive use tearing up roads, dynamiting bridges, etc., while assuring forest rangers the opportunity to remain behind their desks.

3. Further Planning Areas: This category would simply be to assure that the Forest Service doesn't run out of things to do. A friend of mine in the agency once confided to me: "We had to have a further planning category in RARE II in order to make the politicians think that we're dealing with ultra-complex issues. Otherwise, we wouldn't get nearly as much funding, and many jobs would eventually be terminated. Why do you think we agency people stopped using common sense a few years after Bob Marshall left?"

In the spirit of fairness, let's call on our loyal public servants to review our priceless heritage of roadless areas. Our roadless areas have been reviewed enough. All should remain wild. Now it's time to save the clearcuts!

Howie Wolke



ledge easily made up for my lack of sleep. Also, who speaks of such issues with such fervor these days? Hadn't Ronald Reagan just been elected president?

Several days later, while talking with my neighbor, I learned the meeting I had overheard was the 1980 Winter Solstice meeting of Earth First! in Breckenridge, Colorado. The apartment building was typical of ski resort living, miniscule rooms. Even at full capacity this Earth First! meeting could not have had more than eight or nine people involved, a far cry from the 500 reported in Jackson.

Thanks much to both *Outside* and *Earth First!* I believe my

faith and spirits have just risen one notch.
State College, Penn.
P.S. Please give my neighbor from Breckenridge my best regards. Thanks.

Yo Earth 1sters,
Read about your shenanigans in *Outside* magazine. Our kudos.. well-pulled prank at Glen Canyon. See you've even got "No More Mr. Nice Guy" Abbey puttin' his monkeywrench where his mouth is. Atta boy, Edward. How do we get on your mailing list? Send in two dozen ignition switches? May your sabots never age. From the True Blue North Ranch Ontario, Canada

CAT TRACKS

by Chim Blea

On Domestication

It's twilight. I'm eating steak in a friend's backyard on the outskirts of Tucson. The charcoal briquets glow softly beside us. I watch his dog, on the edge of the light. The dog watches us, watches the meat on our plates. I'm carried back to the dream time by that wolf-like stare.

Listen! There. Do you hear it? The wolves are howling in the distance; no, they are close now. The old ones speak of the ancient struggle between our people and the wolves, of the competition for prey. But our hunters tell us that today our wolves are different. Today, somehow, the wolves helped to control the wild deer. Our hunters would not have returned with the meat we now eat if the wolves had not helped. There they are. I see them at the edge of the firelight. Bear's Arm, our mightiest hunter, is rising. He will throw a burning stick at them to chase them away. No! He is throwing a leg bone to them...

It was a night like that, I think, fifty thousand years ago when men and dogs began to domesticate each other. I toss my t-bone to my friend's dog and know that ancient connection. As I gnaw the corn from the cob (corn which I grew in my garden), I think back again, of another grain, to the arid hills of Mesopotamia nine thousand years ago.

Come with me, you great hunter, and see what I have done. Here, see this grass. Last fall I saved the largest seeds from the grass and placed them here where the Earth is moist. See how large these seeds are...

These dim memories of domestication are of the most important events in human history. Events which forever changed us. Events which took from our innocence, Events which domesticated us.

I used to dislike dogs and was always eager to rectify the litany of their faults. It is only recently while I have played with my friend's dog, that I have come to understand why I am alternately repelled and attracted.

Early human society was egalitarian, non-hierarchical, non-

dominating. There was no sexism. Children were not mastered. The society of wild canids, however, was hierarchical. Dominance was a key element in maintaining it. When canid and hominid societies integrated, humans learned hierarchy. The dogs indeed lost the struggle for dominance but they won the philosophical battle because humans accepted their tiered structure. As I play with my friend's dog, I come to know the siren of power. It is so easy to make the dog sit obediently, it is intoxicating to have such awesome authority.

Although it took millennia, it was a simple step from the domestication of dogs to the domestication of plants, of other animals both food and draft, the control of water (in irrigation), to the domestication of wives, children, slaves, and subjects. In domesticating, we became domesticated. When the hunter tossed the wolf a bone, the overseer's whip hand cracked and the gloved hand took the control throttle of the giant drag line. When the first seed was planted, civilization and wilderness were first created.

Another aspect of domestication is the creation of monsters. Look into the eyes of a pitiful Pekinese. It is a wolf—or a jackal—monstrously corrupted. Corn cannot even reproduce by itself; it has been so altered by human ingenuity. It is an act of supreme arrogance, of great evil, to presume to alter the evolutionary destiny of another creature—plant or animal—and twist its genetics to our own short-sighted, selfish ends. The manipulation of germ plasma is the true story of Faust. If there is any right pertaining to life, it is the right to fulfill one's evolutionary destiny without having it artificially deloured. We have violated that right for hundreds of other life forms, have made them slaves to our whim. Joseph Smith was wrong. One does not have to die and receive mastery over a new planet to become a god. Humans have carelessly assumed the role of gods during their short, insignificant lives.

As Mama Rue pointed out in

Dear Dave:
I have just finished reading the article in *Outside* magazine regarding Earth First!

The article was interesting, the idea of Earth First! so necessary. What I don't agree with is the statement in the "Between the Lines" section that "Earth First!" represents "environmental extremism... ultimately no more palatable than the secretary's (our beloved James Watt)." What I do agree with is that "the environmentalists' main problem is their moderation."

Being rather mild-mannered backpacker types, my husband and I would probably not make the Monkey Wrench best ten list. However, we are trying, and have been known to pull up a survey marker or two. To help us along on this path (one which surely has much connection to some of the greatest of American traditions), we would like to know more about Earth First! Could we be put on your mailing list for the newsletters? If you need money for this, let us know.

In the meantime, keep up the good work, and good luck in your Sierra Club election attempt. Infatuation of establishment ranks can't hurt a bit! Hope you make it.
San Francisco



her column on Yule, Judeo-Christian religion has readily absorbed and altered the myths of other cultures. The Book of Genesis in the Old Testament is a prime example of this assimilation. The Hebrew story of the Garden of Eden was taken from earlier peoples in the Middle East and undoubtedly somewhat corrupted before it was written down in the form we know it today. But yet, the truth remains in it. It is the story of domestication and it reminds us of the consequences of that awful act.

Adam and Eve were happy in the garden and all that they needed was at hand (hunter-gatherer culture). They named the other animals and plants (understood their environment and their place in it). Then Eve and Adam ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge (developed agriculture and domestication) and were expelled by God (Nature) from the Garden (Wilderness) and were condemned to earn their food by the sweat of their brow (farming). Eve was sentenced to bear children in pain (suffer domination by men) and Adam was cursed to have his heel stung by the viper (be cut off from Nature).

Just as our happiest days as humans were in our early years, the wisdom of the Bible is in its first few pages. Until we renounce the sin of dominance/domestication and return to the hunter-gatherer life (the Garden of Eden), we shall never be at peace, shall never be happy, shall never be one with Nature, shall never be truly human.

Dear E.F.I. gang,

Knew nothing of your group until a week ago when a friend sent me a copy of an article in the *San Francisco Chronicle* about the ECOPRANKSTERS. Knew immediately it was my type of an organization as I am a devoted e. abbey fan and have been longing to live out my "monkey wrench gang" fantasies. Was frustrated because the Chron. article was so general, and supplied no info about where to write, or how to become a part of your activist group. Only a couple of days later was reading the *Chico News* and *Review*, and came upon another article about Earth First! That was fine and good, but the frustration continued because there was still no address. Finally, I picked up a copy of *Outside* magazine and was scanning the letters to the editor when I saw that someone had written in requesting your address. There it was in bold print—my prayers had been answered in less than a week!

California

Dear E.F.I.
You're probably just doing a "Ghost Shirt Dance," but since I missed the original, I'd like to join in this one. Cincinnati, Ohio

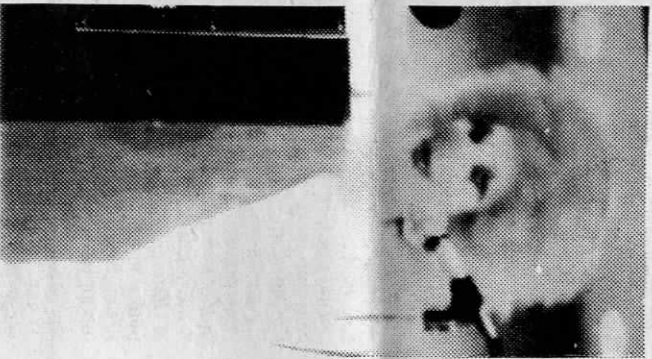
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BISTI CIRCUS

by
Karen
Brown

Earth First! Clowns at Bisti

(Ed. note: The battle to save the Bisti Badlands in New Mexico from the ravages of coal strip-mining continues. As predicted by Earth First! at our Bisti Rally in November, Jim Watt did drop the Bisti as a BLM Wilderness Study Area. The resulting outcry was so great, however, that he quickly reinstated the Bisti as a WSA. We're sure that the EFF! trespass action helped raise the public concern [see the photos of the Bisti Trespass in this issue.] Earth First! has now developed a 150,000 acre Bisti National Park proposal including three large wilderness units around the Bisti, De Na Zin, and A Shi Sle Peh WSAs. A full report will be presented in the May Day issue of EFF!. Senator Pete Domenici of New Mexico had introduced a totally inadequate wilderness bill for the Bisti which even moderate conservation groups are opposing. In January, the BLM held their public hearings on massive coal development and energy production in the Bisti area. Since the hearings were a farce, the Albuquerque group of Earth First! treated them as a farce. Karen Brown's report follows.)



There was some pretty powerful bullshit slung around the hearing room at the posh Four Seasons hotel in Albuquerque in January for the BLM Bisti show. Everyone for or against mining and rape of the Bisti Badlands testified and stumped until they were blue in the face. The BLM panelists were weary and ready to cry out of excruciating boredom from taking testimony at this and the previous two hearings in Crownpoint and Farmington. Then something snapped. At 8:00 P.M. a bare hour before the proceedings were due to end, Biff and Bertha the Bisti clowns, joined by their entourage of EFF!ers disguised in face paint and Mexican folk masks, showed up. At the same time, the Earth Last! contingent, a radical anti-environmental group, consisting of brothers Gold and Blake, arrived. Sound crazy enough to be the doing of the Albuquerque group of Earth First!, led by Neil (Biff) Cobb? Well, it was pretty crazy and lots of fun, too. The following excerpts are from the four testimonies delivered at the hearing. They were turned over in writing to the panel of judges who told us that they would appear in the Bureau's record.

Neil Cobb's "Biff, the Bisti Clown" Speech

After reviewing the Draft Environmental Impact Statements and the Cumulative Overview I felt it was necessary to express myself in more than a verbal manner. Simply put, I feel as though the whole San Juan Basin environmental political process has been a scam, a big joke, a sick circus with each unfolding act more outrageous than the previous one. I would like to make it clear that I am not here to laugh with the Public Service Company of New Mexico, the various coal companies and other slime who have been so effective in influencing the Bureau of Livestock and Mining. These EIS's are just one more piece in the energy grab puzzle, one more step toward the complete rape of the Bisti and degradation in the quality of life in the entire basin.

The proposed action offers people nothing more than a few viewing sites where this rape can be conveniently observed. The current scenario I envision will include two paltry wilderness areas set up on newly formed mesas, surrounded by strip-mines, overlooking a sprawling boom town in an area crisscrossed by railroads and truck filled roads, and dotted by empty or destroyed houses of Navajo families, the real owners of the land in question.

I'm not going to compromise my credibility by testifying on any specifics of the EIS's as it's just not worth it. They're a joke. You can take these EIS's and all the technical reports and burn them, and I encourage any who have had to deal with the frustration of ploughing through these documents to strike the match.

EFF! supports a proposal that will include as wilderness expanded versions of the present three WSAs. The area designated as wilderness should be incorporated into a larger national park that will protect all of the Bisti including the Russell Forest and not just those areas that now qualify for wilderness. This badlands park and possibly Chaco Historic Park should be managed as tribal National Parks in the manner of Canyon de Chelly. EFF! further believes that the whole "Chaco-San Juan Management Area" in N.W. New Mexico which the BLM has the audacity to claim to "manage" should be returned to the Navajo tribe, in compliance with order 709.

Clown Speech

The following incendiary diatribe was the next testimony at the BLM show. It was delivered with conviction and drama by none other than Bertha the Bisti Clown whose other self is Karen Brown of Albuquerque.

"When you're in a circus, talking to clowns, you gotta be a clown in order to make yourself understood. So here goes. Sunbelt mining, the hand-puppet of PNM is perfectly willing to sacrifice, disrupt, destroy, or risk anything in order to mine some poor quality coal which it does not need.

This band of gangsters has wormed their dragline into section 32 of the Bisti badlands and named it—not facetiously, but maliciously—"The Gateway Mine," meaning, one can only assume, the gateway to usurping all the badlands—including the Bisti, De Na Zin, and A Shi Sle Pah.

In the badlands there are a number of holy sites of the Navajo. If the rape-mining of the badlands is allowed, the Indians shouldn't mind. We can make it up to them by allowing a few Navajo thugs to bulldoze a couple cathedrals, some churches, synagogues, maybe a mosque or temple or two. So knocking down and bulldozing some sacred sites can be worked out. But then, of course, there are the graves to be "moved" from their ancestral holy burial grounds. We can make this up to the survivors by allowing any who get upset to disinter *our* grandmothers. Too bad, ladies. We're just trying to be fair here.

New Mexico is my birthplace and my home, my life and my blood and my heart. The New Mexican people value the quality of their environment, as rightly we should. We call it enchanted because of its magic desert places, wildernesses which speak to our hearts in whispers that promise solitude and dignity and grandeur. The land speaks to the poet, the artist, the Indian, the lover, the lunatic, the saint—the people in touch with their souls who feel the pulse of the universe.

You can have my house, my hide, my head on a silver platter. But you keep your greed-crazed claws out of the Bisti. Give it back to someone who recognizes it for what it is. A magic and sacred desert place."

Earth Last!

The finale was carried off with style evil and grace undetectable by the seething villains of Earth Last!, wanton greedheads and energy glutious extrardinaire, played by the black-comedy team of Gold and Blake to the hilt. Don't let your kids read these next two rotten evil slurs against the future of the human race.

Speech of Steve Blake

First of all I would like to thank you all for giving me the oppor-

tunity to say my opinion. After me, my cousin David Richard Gold III, will say his opinion—cause we're both sick of groups like Earth First!, so you can just call us EARTH LAST!

What's this about giving it back to the Navajos? We won it from 'em just like we won it from the Mexicans. If we let them have it you know what will happen! They'll make all the money off it! When we put 'em there—that was before we knew about the coal. IS THAT FAIR?

So what are they getting all bent out of shape about? I'll tell you—a pile of rocks!!! YUP!! A bunch of dumb, stupid, worthless no-good piles of rocks that aren't no use for anything. AND THEY WANT TO SAVE THEM!!! What are they saving them for???

What's there to protect out there? There ain't nothing out there—ESPECIALLY IN THEM THERE BISTI BADLANDS. Ain't nothing could live out there. The rattlesnakes are so skinny you'd need to shoot a dozen of 'em to make one belt. Now listen! I been to that place and I don't like it—Not one bit!! It just don't look like nothing else. You feel like you're on the moon or something. I ain't comfortable—and it GIVES ME THE CREEPS!! I say we should get out there with shotguns and blow them hoodoos right off their pedestals. AND THEN—Dig a big hole and throw them in with all those SIERRA CLUBS, WILDNESSE CLUBS AND SPECIALLY THEM EARTH FIRSTERS!

Ask James Watt if you don't believe me. And Mr. Watt has read the entire holy bible and it says right there that there ain't no use in saving nothing on account of that rapture when the Lord—He's gonna come all over the place and is he gonna be pissed off???

Speech of David Gold

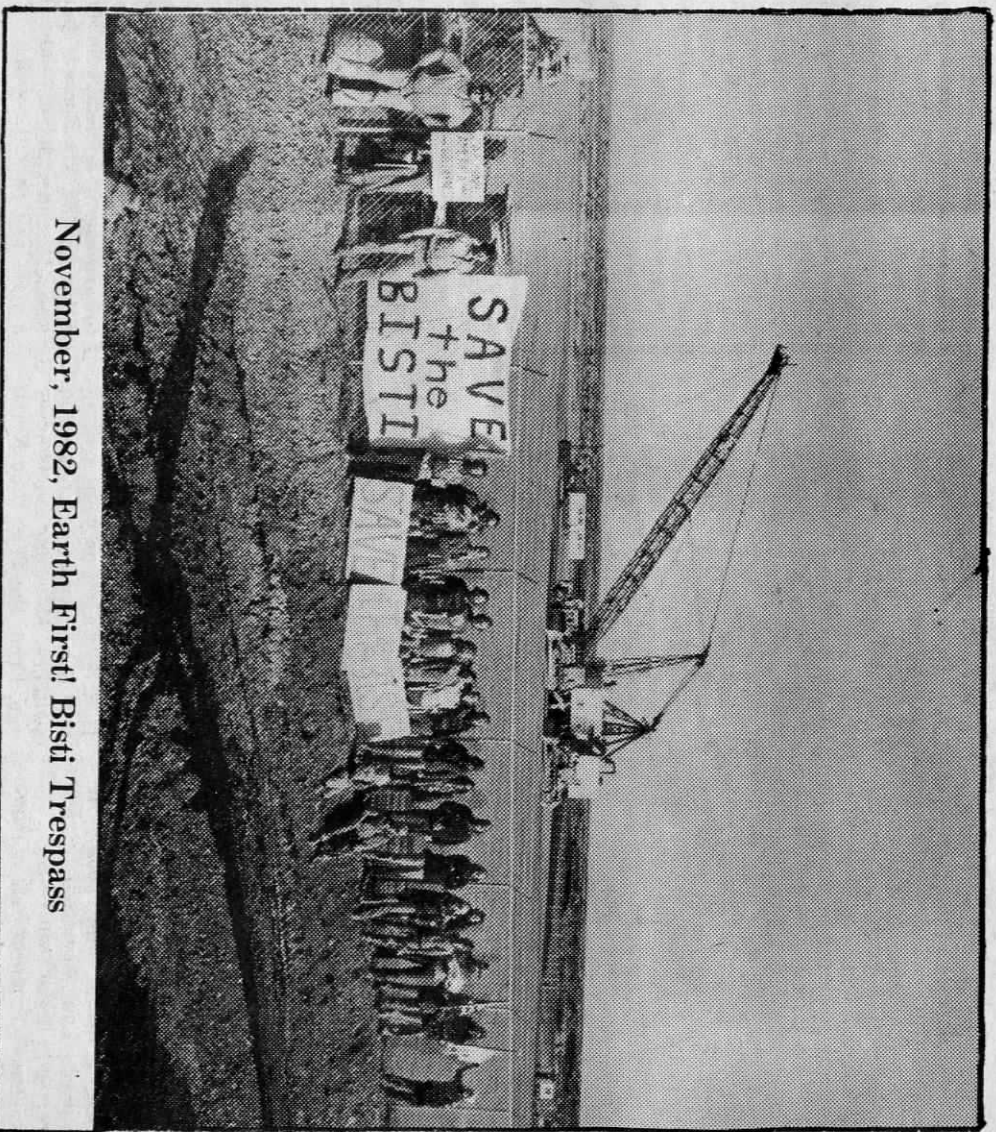
First of all I would like to thank you for giving me the opportunity to speak. I know that it must be very difficult for you to sit here tonight with your minds made up to do the right thing, and have to listen to these commie, pinko, faggot environmentalists sound off. So, I came to support your views.

First I'll address the Navajo issue. Our motto in Earth Last! is: Progress First, People Second, Earth Last!. Therefore, the idea that a few hundred families might have to be moved is paltry compared to the energy that could be gained. Besides, these people are living in the past. You would undoubtedly be doing them a favor. If they do believe the land is sacred, this could only be viewed as paganism and religious freedom can only go so far. Furthermore, even if they were white, suburban families, one must have their priorities correct. Progress first. People second. Earth Last!. You should move as many as you need to get all the energy that we need.

Next, I would like to address the issues of paleontology and archeology. Frankly, who cares about dinosaurs? This type of thing is interesting to children but I can't seriously believe any adult would find it interesting. I grew up in New Jersey. I can remember the comfortable feeling of looking into a warm, reddish-brown sky at night, instead of the cold bleak stars. The factories of New Jersey are famous, perhaps world-renowned. I can remember my favorite one, a refinery in Elizabeth, New Jersey. This is true beauty, a half mile of abstract sculpture, tubes, spheres and tanks, all different colors.

I mention this because New Mexico could have this, too. The strip mined areas could be used to have the world's largest industrial park. A giant facility could be centered around the new generating station. It could make New Jersey seem like a cottage industry. Miles of industry, it could be fantastic. The air quality might suffer but the JOBS, and we need jobs. People would get used to the appearance. The quality of life could only rise.

Well, as you can see, the Albuquerque group has an inspirational bit of the old guerrilla theatre. This winter, we tried to put the clown in the clown prince of environmental activists and had some good fun at it. The beer consumed was not moderate but excessive, but it was best.
FINIS



November, 1982, Earth First! Bisti Trespass

No G-O Road, *continued*

tween the towns of Gasquet and Orleans. The road would split off the Blue Creek area from the rest of the quarter million acre proposed Siskiyou Wilderness. Over 200 miles of logging roads and extensive clearcuts would then be carried out in Blue Creek.

For 10 years, conservation groups such as the Sierra Club have prevented the construction and paving of the last six miles of the G-O Road through the sacred high country by means of environmental impact statements, appeals and lawsuits. Time and the system appear to have run out. The Sierra Club has been denied an injunction on the final construction and the Forest Service has awarded a \$2,074,000 contract to the Wisner Construction Company of Prineville, Ore. to build and pave the final link in the G-O Road this summer. The dozers will be there as soon as the snow melts.

The Siskiyou Mountains Resource Council in Arcata has proposed two legislative steps to save Blue Creek and stop the G-O Road: a G-O Road Decommissioning Act and inclusion of the area in the Siskiyou Wilderness Area in the California Wilderness bill (see box). But without delaying construction and drawing national attention to the issue, chances are dim. Earth Firsters in northern California are mobilizing, however, to engage in a peaceful continuing blockade of road construction just as the Australians did in the Nightcap National Park battle.

No G-O Road Demonstrations

On Friday, January 28, the NO G-O ROAD campaign entered another arena as conservationists demonstrated against the Forest Service in San Francisco and Eureka. Over 100 people joined the chanting, singing Earth First! protest outside the Regional Forester's office in downtown San Francisco. Led by Johnny Sagebrush, a California grizzly, and Ronald Reagan, the group roared outside the Big Freddie's office for nearly an hour beginning at noon. Federal police were everywhere and the Regional Office of the Forest Service on the 5th floor of the Federal Building was sealed off. After the protest ended, many Earth Firsters went inside to buy maps of the Six Rivers National Forest, site of the G-O Road, but were met by police. Armed officers escorted Earth Firsters in groups of two up to the 5th floor to buy maps. One woman who went up the stairs was handcuffed to a chair, interrogated, and fined \$60. It seemed a bit of overkill on the part of the Feds, considering that Earth First! is pledged to non-violent right action (Satyagraha) in our campaign against the G-O Road. Concurrently, Humboldt and Del Norte County environmentalists were marching in similar numbers outside the Six Rivers National Forest HQ in Eureka. This rally was organized in less than 24 hours. Both protests received media coverage and no doubt sensitized the bureaucrats and politicians to the fact that things are not all quiet on the western front. No G-O Road local coordinators are being identified throughout northern California and serious campaigns are being made.

STOP THE G-O ROAD

You can help stop the G-O Road and save the old growth timber of the Siskiyou.

*First, write your Senators (US Senate, Washington, DC 20510) and members of Congress (House of Representatives, Washington, DC 20515) and express your concern for the Siskiyou Mountains in California. Urge them to support efforts to include Blue Creek, Dillon Creek, and Eight-mile Creek roadless areas in a unified Siskiyou Mountains Wilderness Area in the California Wilderness Bill sponsored by Phillip Burton and Alan Cranston. Then, urge their support for the G-O Road Decommissioning Act (see text below). Send copies of your letters to Congressman Phillip Burton and Senator Alan Cranston.

*Second, plan to participate in the non-violent blockade of the construction of the G-O Road this late spring and summer. Contact EFi at POB 235 Ely NV 89301 (or your local EFi) contact if you live in California.) Let us know how you can help. Help make the G-O Road the NO G-O ROAD!

The Gasquet-Orleans Road Decommissioning Act

To direct the Secretary of Agriculture to prevent the intrusion of the U.S. Forest Service into the religious affairs of the Karok, Tolowa and Yurok Indian peoples by spending no public monies for the completion or maintenance of forest road number 15 N 01 on the Six Rivers and Klamath National forests.

Section 1 Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled, that the Secretary of Agriculture shall not permit the expenditures of any public monies for the maintenance, construction or reconstruction of Forest Service Road number 15 N 01 also known as the Gasquet-Orleans G.O. Road, on the Six Rivers and Klamath National forests of northern California, between the points described on the east as Dillon Camp (T. 13N. R. 5 E. SE corner of Section 6) and on the west as the 14 N 01 intersection (T. 14 N. R. 3 E. section 29).

Section 2 Be it further enacted that there is hereby authorized to be appropriated such amount of money as may be necessary to remove any constructed portions of roadway between the points described above.

Benefit Llama Trip To Kalmiopsis Wilderness April 1-4, 1983

Earth First! and Siskiyou Llama Expeditions present an expedition with Dave Foreman into the Kalmiopsis Wilderness over Easter Weekend April 1-4. We'll spend four days on the Illinois River/Bald Mountain Trail—the site of a controversial logging road the Forest Service has begun building into the Kalmiopsis Wilderness. We'll travel light and easy as the trusty llamas carry food and camping gear. There is room for only 4 guests on this trip. Cost is \$400 per person. Half will go to Earth First! to protest logging of the Kalmiopsis. Delicious meals are included. To reserve your space, call or write: Siskiyou Llama Expeditions POB 1380 Jacksonville, OR 97630 503-899-1696.

Kalmiopsis/Bald Mountain Road, *continued*

Hatfield, defeated Representative Jim Weaver's efforts to include the roadless country to the north of the Kalmiopsis Wilderness in the wilderness. This area around Silver Creek is possibly the finest part of the Kalmiopsis.

The U.S. Forest Service plans to build a high standard logging road along the high ridge on the north boundary of the Kalmiopsis Wilderness to Bald Mountain. This road would follow the alignment of the Illinois River Trail, the most popular in the area, which is on the divide between the Illinois River and Silver Creek. The road would "open up" the entire northern roadless area for destructive clearcutting.

Conservationists have been fighting the Bald Mountain Road through the system for years but have lost. The Sierra Club recently dropped their suit against the Forest Service and only the snow in the high country is preventing the Freddie engines of destruction from building the road. Earth Firsters in Oregon are now making plans to peacefully blockade the construction of the Bald Mountain Road. Help is urgently needed for this important undertaking.

Stop the Bald Mountain Road

Earth Firsters from around the United States can help stop the Bald Mountain Road.

*First, write your Senators and Congresspersons and urge them to support addition of all contiguous roadless areas (about 235,000 acres) to the existing Kalmiopsis Wilderness as part of the Oregon Wilderness Bill sponsored by Representative James Weaver. Send copies of your letters to Rep. Weaver and Senator Mark Hatfield. (US Senate, Washington, DC 20510; House of Representatives, Washington, DC 20615).

*Second, plan to take part in the non-violent blockade of the Bald Mountain Road this summer. Contact EFi POB 235 Ely, NV 89301 (or your local contact if you live in Oregon) and let us know how you can help.



Salt Creek Defense Benefit.

Earth First! in New Mexico will hold a benefit dance and rally in March to raise legal fees to defend Neil Cobb and Bob Seeley against trespass charges stemming from their blockade of Yates Petroleum Company in the Salt Creek Wilderness. Door prizes will include a hot air balloon ride, a white-water float trip, and a backpack trip into Yellowstone Park area with Howie Wolke's Wild Horizons Expeditions. Information on the fund raiser can be had by calling Neil Cobb 268-6352, Dave Seeley 897-4374 or Dave Gold/Wanda Cole 268-7319 all in Albuquerque. Send contributions for the Cobb/Seeley Defense Fund to Earth First! POB 235 Ely, NV 89301 with your check made out to *Earth First!* (indicate in a note that it is for the defense fund).

Bob Seeley and Neil Cobb at Salt Creek Blockade.



Salt Creek Arrests, *continued*

issued Yates the necessary federal permits to drill in the Salt Creek Wilderness, despite the outstanding trespass citation for its illegal blading of the road into the wilderness. The Bureau of Land Management had a little more backbone than the local Fish and Wildlife Service. According to a highly placed source who wished to remain anonymous, the Roswell District office of B.L.M. refused to give Yates a right of way permit across their lands because of the outstanding citation. Allegedly, the Yates representative stated, "We'll see about that!" and stormed out of the office. An hour later B.L.M. in Washington called the local office and said, "Give them the permit."

In spite of the permits, the federal court injunction remained in effect and, along with the snow and mud, kept Yates out of the Salt Creek Wilderness. On January 26, the restraining order against Yates was lifted by order of the 10th Circuit Court of Appeals in Denver. Yates quickly trucked their equipment back in the wilderness and the Fish & Wildlife Service closed the area within 1/2 mile of the road and rig to everyone except Yates employees. That is when Neil Cobb and Bob Seeley, of the Albuquerque Earth First! group, acted.

"We had no choice," Cobb said after his arrest. "A wrong had been committed. An American corporation had broken the law and was being rewarded by Congress, the Department of Interior, and the Federal Courts. We just couldn't sit on our ass like the Sierra Club and do nothing."

"It was an easy decision," Seeley added. "It's no fun being arrested or facing a possible six month jail sentence, but we couldn't let Watt and Yates get away with it. Maybe our action will help save another wilderness."

Mike Roselle, a national Earth First! leader and oil field worker from Jackson, Wyo., who had been on his way to join the blockade but was delayed by heavy snow, said, "I've been reading Gandhi's autobiography recently and what Neil and Bob did was pure right action—Satyagraha. They've got guts. I wish I'd been there with them."

While the two Earth Firsters are being threatened with six month jail sentences and \$500 fines for their peaceful trespass, Yates Petroleum Company received only a \$50 fine for their destructive, violent trespass. Yes, Virginia, there is justice in the United States.

(Two days after the arrests of the Earth Firsters, Yates hit natural gas and capped their well. The drill rig was removed. Well-testing operations and production will take place at a future, unscheduled date.)

Neil Cobb's Story

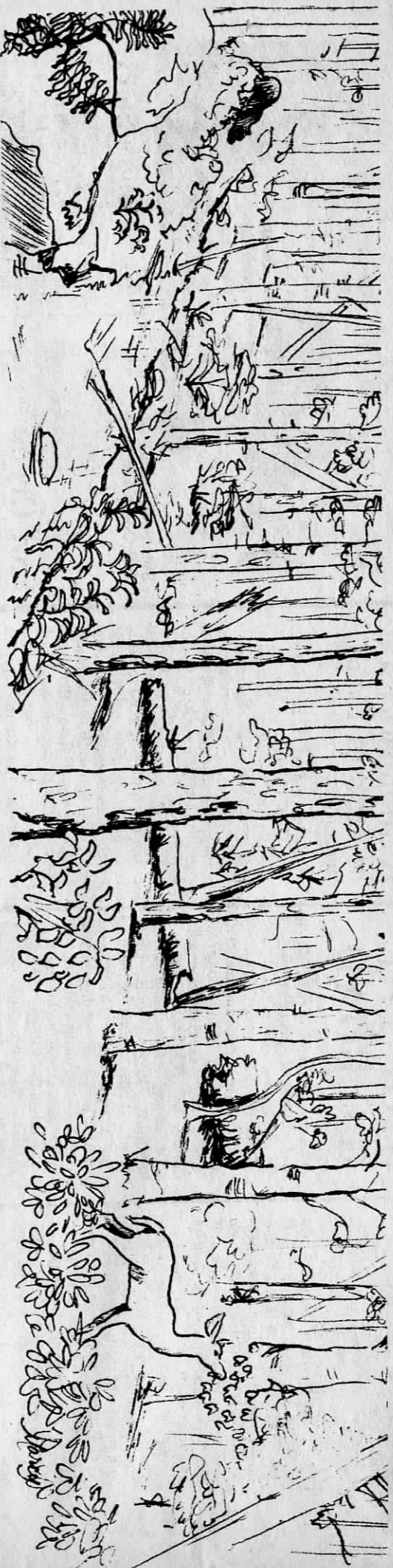
To the surprise of many, Yates Oil Co. received the needed federal permit in December to continue their drilling operation in the Salt Creek Wilderness. Thinking that we had won the battle in November, it was a shock to find out that the established status quo environmental organizations had let this issue slip through their hands. We considered it an insult that the Interior Dept. had given Yates a permit after they had so blatantly violated federal laws and trespass into Salt Creek.

By the middle of January it was obvious that legal and political pressure were not having any effect and would soon be exhausted. The Rio Grande Chapter of the Sierra Club showed little interest in really pursuing the issue. There was only one alternative for New Mexico EFi and that was to engage in direct action. Even though we couldn't stop the drilling we had to demonstrate our disgust over the situation.

Initially we called in the national S.W.A.A.T. rapid deployment force but found out we couldn't wait for their arrival since Yates had unexpectedly stepped up drilling operations. So Bob Seeley and I decided that we had to head Yates off at the pass, and engage in civil disobedience by ourselves.

After participating in the first blockade in November, the last thing I wanted to do was drive 200 miles and stand in front of those drilling workers again. Bob and I admitted to each other later on, that the morning we left we both sat in bed thinking of excuses for not going to Salt Creek. Why was I leaving my comfortable surroundings, the security of my nice little Albuquerque existence, to go get arrested for civil disobedience? What could two people prove anyway? Well, we were showing that two people really gave a damn and it was time to put my job and comfortable existence on the line for wilderness. If I didn't stand up and protect what I loved, the rest wasn't worth keeping. I was tired of sitting back and watching one more wilderness go down the drain. I was going to block those goddam trucks.

With those thoughts in mind from the people who had to stay behind, we sped off for Salt Creek. We wasted little time in setting up the blockade. Stringing our American flag and a banner that read "Love It or Leave It" across the access road we promptly stopped the drilling operations. Within an hour we were cited by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service for violating two federal statutes and arrested by the Chaves County Sheriffs Department for criminal trespass. The following 24 hours of our Salt Creek encounter were filled with mishaps and interesting experiences that make for good stories around the campfire. We face court battles, fines and possibly jail sentences, but even so we do not regret our course of action that we felt was necessary.



A PROPOSAL FOR A DECIDUOUS FOREST ECOSYSTEM PRESERVE

by Reed F. Noss

Those of us in the eastern states have a hard time finding wilderness. We really have to stretch the definition, as well as the imagination. In Ohio, where I live, a place is pretty wild if you can walk an hour in one direction without running into a road. Now, good old Thoreau was able to find wilderness in the familiar, "a wilderness whose glance no civilization can endure," right in the meadows and woodlots around Concord. I guess he was more imaginative than I. After considerable contemplation, I can indeed sense the wildness in the Ohio landscape, but not without a painful twinge of loss. Where are the wolves? Where is a sky without the trails of jet airplanes? Where can I run naked and mad without getting busted?

For me, wilderness must constitute a whole ecosystem, or better yet a landscape mosaic of indigenous biotic communities relatively untrammelled by man. There are few wildernesses approaching that ideal left in the east; there are definitely none in Ohio. The eastern deciduous forest—an amalgam of hardwood forest associations—has been hit hard by civilization. It once dominated most of the U.S. east of the Mississippi, 95% of Ohio for example, but we chopped it all to hell. It made productive farmland, all right. The lumber was good for building and, burnt to charcoal, fueled the great iron furnaces of the 19th century. Today the landscape over most of the east is "fragmented," or as ecologist J.T. Curtis noted in 1966: "Instead of an essentially continuous forest cover... the landscape now presents the aspects of a savanna, with isolated trees, small clumps or clusters of trees, or small groves scattered in a matrix of artificial grassland of grains and pasture grasses..."

This fragmented landscape, now broken by highways, subdivisions, shopping centers, strip mines and powerlines as well as by agriculture, is in biological trouble. The "islands" of remaining forest, enveloped by a "sea" of culturally modified land, are generally too small to constitute whole ecosystems. Critical species drop out one by one, leaving an impoverished system dominated by those opportunists which can cope.

So where do we go for a deciduous forest wilderness? It turns out, not surprisingly, that regions of rough topography usually have the most forest remaining. Although most of even these areas were logged at least once, the bastards usually missed a few inaccessible pockets. The forest elsewhere in the hills has largely returned to use the soil is poorer for agriculture than in the flatlands. But, damn it, we still don't find a real wilderness of any

size. Not in the entire Ohio valley, once the center of development of this splendid biome. Too many miserable roads, cities, power plants, loggers, strip mines. A real deciduous forest wilderness must be re-created! Get rid of the intrusions, reintroduce the missing ecosystem components, lock it up and let it heal.

And I think we've found a place to start...

Preserve Boundaries

The proposed preserve spans the Ohio River in Ohio and Kentucky (see map). It encompasses roughly 310,000 acres of the wildest land remaining in Ohio and the wildest land in northwest Kentucky. (As close to wild as you can get in these parts, anyway.)

On the Ohio side, the west boundary follows the upper west slope of Ohio Brush Creek. East of the creek, within the proposed preserve, is the Edge of Appalachia Preserve System, at 5,000 acres the largest such system in Ohio. Acquired by the National Conservancy and managed by the Cincinnati Museum of Natural History, the area is home to many rare and endangered species and the former haunt of pioneer ecologist E. Lucy Braun. The north and east boundaries follow along State Routes 348 and 73, encompassing the 70,000-acre Shawnee State Forest and surrounding lands; the "Little Smokes of Ohio," the closest thing to a real Ohio forest ecosystem.

In Kentucky, the boundaries are formed by State Routes 59 on the west and 2 and 7 on the south and east, except for a bulge south of Rt. 2 to enclose the Carter Caves State Park and proposed Tygart's Creek Natural Area, protecting critical species such as the Indiana Bat, Canby's Mountain Lizard and Sullivantia. Most of the land within the Kentucky preserve boundaries has been poorly explored biologically.

Physiography and Vegetation

Straddling the western escarpment of the Allegheny Plateau, the proposed preserve includes portions of the Blue Grass Section of the Interior Low Plateaus Province and the Unglaciated Allegheny Plateau of the Appalachian Plateaus Province. There are ridges, knobs, promontories, gorges and valleys. This outstanding physiographic diversity fosters a corresponding diversity of vegetation. The presentment vegetation of the area was mixed mesophytic forest and oak/hickory forests, secondary pine communities, beech stands and relict mixed mesophytic forest in the more protected sites. Relict little bluestem prairie communities from post-Pleistocene Xerothermic times can be found on promontories in the Blue Grass Section and, secondarily, in abandoned fields. Examination of topographic maps and ERTS satellite photographs confirms that the

proposed preserve embraces what is probably the largest relatively unbroken forest system in the Ohio Valley. What breaks there are must be mended.

Recommendations

Although the proposed preserve area is the wildest land remaining in this part of the Ohio Valley (or very likely the entire Ohio Valley), that is really not saying much. The Ohio Valley has been brutally ravaged by industrial civilization. Continuing abuses within the proposed preserve area include logging (although presently on a modern scale), automobile traffic, air pollution from nearby coal-burning power plants, sundry commercial operations in towns and state parks and recreational pressure from hikers, campers, hunters, snake collectors and ORVs. A small part of the Kentucky area may also hold

valuable coal.

In spite of obvious disturbances, the proposed preserve area holds considerable promise for a most noble experiment: The recreation of a forest wilderness ecosystem. The emphasis of preservationists in Ohio, Kentucky and surrounding states has traditionally been on protecting individual rare species and community "occurrences" in what are now or soon will be fragmented landscapes. Consequently, preserves have typically been small and island-like, surrounded by a matrix of developed or exploited land. Although such piecemeal efforts and concentration on rarity are crucial to preservation of genetic diversity, a strategy aimed at perpetuating large-scale ecological and evolutionary processes over vast areas is a necessary complement. A large, inviolate wilderness will best fulfill that goal. Although many will argue that the present situation (state forest, etc.) offers sufficient protection, they fail to see that the present ecosystem is far from whole. It is still basically a man-dominated system. Where are the bear, the wolves, the panthers, the golden eagles? It's questionable whether even bobcats exist as a breeding population within the area. Clearly the present situation is much too disturbed for large predators, critical indicators of environmental quality. The ecosystem is incomplete.

In order to re-establish the wilderness character of the proposed preserve, internal anthropogenic disturbances must be stopped immediately. As a start, all interior roads (especially thoroughfares) should be closed. Major highways (U.S. 52, Ohio S.R. 125 and Kentucky S.R. 10) can be re-routed on existing roads around the periphery of the preserve. Existing human settle-

ments within the preserve boundaries are all small towns. It may be that some families can remain in portions of the area without detracting from the wilderness character. Responsible individuals might be employed, in fact, as stewards or wardens to help safeguard the preserve. But many people would surely have to be evacuated. This might be tough for some to swallow, but it's Earth first! Fortunately, this region has been gradually losing population, so evacuation may not be all that painful. While restoring integrity to the interior of the preserve, we must also deal with exterior threats. Air and water quality standards must be significantly upgraded. A major threat is a huge, nearly-completed coal-burning power plant located at the mouth of Ohio Brush Creek (within the preserve area) and designed to pump energy to Cincinnati. The plant is unnecessary and must be annihilated.

With the conspicuous presence of humanity removed, indigenous ecological processes will regain pre-eminence. As the forest gradually matures over the decades, it will again assume an "old growth" character. Con-



Australia, continued

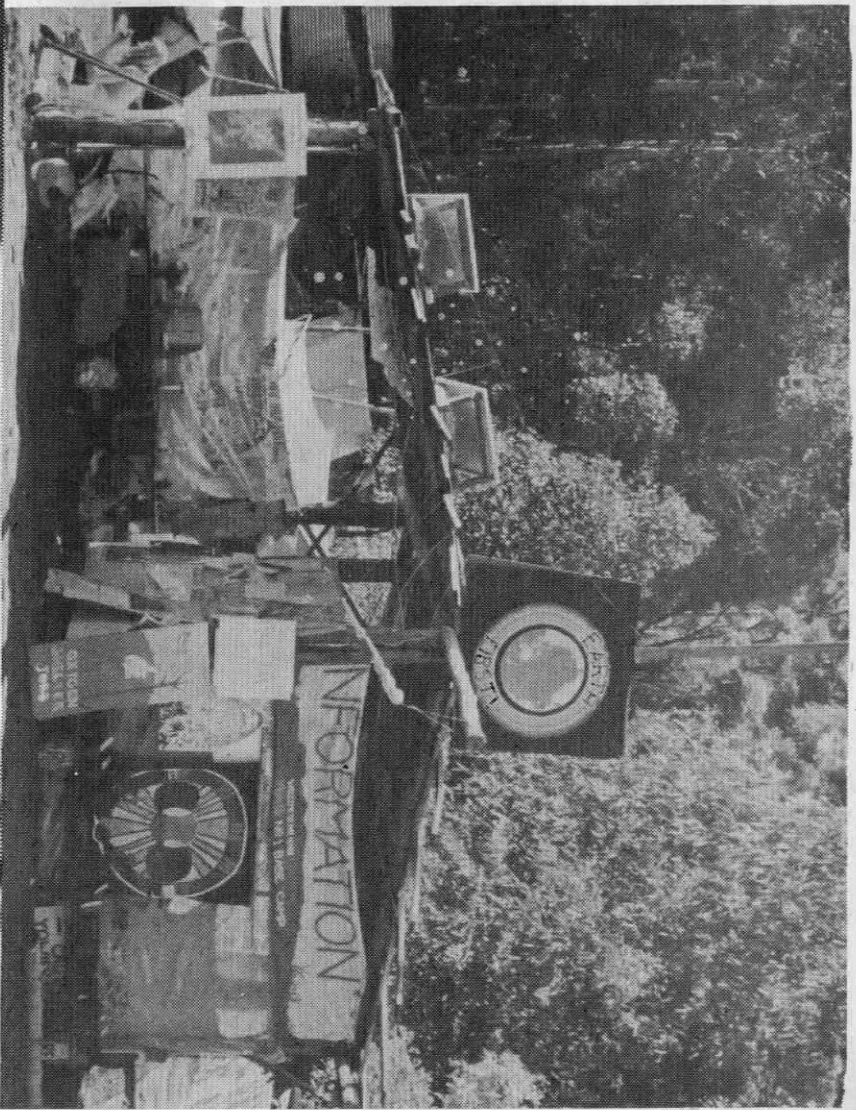
Equally important to the battle for the Franklin and Gordon Rivers is that Australia is demonstrating to the world that courage and the practice of non-violent right action (Mohandas K. Gandhi's "Satyagraha") can save wilderness—indeed that it may be our most important weapon in the battle. To show how far Australia is ahead of the United States, let us transpose the situation to the USA: Led by the Sierra Club and Audubon Society, 7500 people are arrested this summer blockading the G-O Road in California. Among those arrested are Congressman Phil Burton, 225,000 march in New York City to protest the road and in a special Congressional election in Texas, 40.4% of those voting write "No G-O Road" across their ballots. We've got a ways to go. To capture the flavor of the action, here's a personal report from John Seed:

Dear Earth First!
I'm traveling down the mighty Gordon River with about 50 friends in a big river cruise boat, under arrest for trespass in Hydro Electric Commission Territory. Obstructing a billion \$ dam project that would flood the heart of the great SW wilderness and strangle the last great wild river in Southern Australia. This brings the number arrested up here to 150 in three days. We're clapping up the courts and jails & putting this thing on everyone's agenda. Been living here for a couple of weeks in this exquisite primal rainforest. Temperate, soft, vital, INTACT! Remembering myself as a recent species to emerge from this great pool of genetic diversity...

John Seed
(Ed. note: We hope to bring you the full story on the Franklin River action as written by John Seed in our May Day issue.)



EARTH FIRST!



NIGHTCAP BLOCKADE AUSTRALIA



EARTH FIRST! LOCAL GROUPS AND CONTACTS

EARTH FIRST! LOCAL GROUPS AND CONTACTS

If you want to become involved with other EARTH FIRSTERS in your area, contact one of the folks listed below. If you'd like to start a local group of EFF, or be a local contact, contact EFF in Ely, PO Box 235, Ely NV 89301.

AUSTRALIA

John Seed
Rainforest Information Centre
22 Terania St Lismore 2480
New South Wales, Australia

ALASKA

Tom Pogson
SR 20056
Fairbanks, AK 99701

ARIZONA

Paul Hirt
Box 40154
Tucson, AZ 85717
(602) 882-0830

ARKANSAS

Little Rock—T.E. Anderson
1827 N. Jackson
Little Rock, AR 72203

CALIFORNIA

Arcata—Bill Devall
POB 21
Arcata, CA 95521
(707) 822-8136

Berkeley—Ed Heske
1800 San Ramon
Berkeley, CA 94707
(415) 527-5493

Chico—Mitch Wyss
POB 1373
Chico, CA 95927
(916) 342-3078

Davis—Greg Marshall
POB 853
Davis, CA 95616
(916) 756-6481

Fresno—Michael Bordenave
Sierra Assoc. for the Environ-
ment (SAFE)
3771 Circle Dr
W. Fresno, CA 93704
(209) 229-0272

Marin County—Tim Jeffries
22 Claus Circle
Fairfax, CA 94930
(415) 456-7433

Santa Barbara—Matt Buck-
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Goleta, CA 93117
(805) 685-1289

Santa Barbara—Lawrence
Worchester
935 Camino del Sur
Isla Vista, CA 93117
(805) 968-4478

Santa Cruz—Jean
Brochebank C.
425 Washington #6
Santa Cruz, CA 95060
(408) 426-9266

San Diego—Linda Svendsen
PO Box 2236, Leucadia, CA 92034
(619) 436-3927

San Francisco—Phillip
Friedman
2300 Ortega St.
San Francisco CA 94122
(415) 665-0794

San Luis Obispo—Jean C.
Gordon
1214 B Mill St
San Luis Obispo, CA 93401

COLORADO
Boulder—Richard Ling
1020 13th #K
Boulder, CO 80302

Durango—Steve Rauworth
8593 Hwy 172
Ignacio, CO 81137
(303) 884-9864

Glenwood Springs—John
Flippone
POB 1091
Glenwood Springs, CO 81601
(303) 945-2075

Steamboat—Scotty Sidner
Bear Pole Ranch
Steamboat Springs, CO 80477

Telluride—Art Goodtimes
POB 1008
Telluride, CO 81435
(303) 728-9938

CONNECTICUT
Willimantic—R. Neil Harvey
235 S. Park St.
Willimantic, CT 06226
(203) 423-2926

New Haven—Louisa Willcox
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East Haven, CT 06512
(203) 468-2146

GEORGIA
Julia Heinz
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Atlanta, GA 30312
(404) 525-2271

ILLINOIS
Prairie Grove Group EFF
Don Johnson
Woodside Farm
1841 S River Rd
Des Plaines, IL 60018
(312) 296-7960 or
Tim Byers
(312) 463-8045

KANSAS
Manhattan—Neil Schanker
1221 Thurston,
Manhattan, KS 66502
(913) 532-5866

Oskaloosa—Daniel Dancer
Sleeping Beauty Ranch
Oskaloosa, KS 66066

MAINE
Brunswick—Gary Lawless
POB 186
Brunswick, ME 04011
(207) 729-5083

Harrington—Charles Ewing
RD 1
Harrington, ME 04643

MARYLAND
Leonard J. Kerpelman
2403 W Rogers
Baltimore, MD 21209
(301) 367-8855

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1201 White St.
Ann Arbor, MI 48104

MONTANA
Billings—Randall Gloege
343 North Rimroad
Billings, MT 59102
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Missoula—Tony Moore
316 E Spruce #2
Missoula, MT 59801
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Jomayne R. Stevens
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Reno, NV 89503

NEW JERSEY
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3205 Campus NE
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(505) 277-6437 (W)

Santa Fe—Rue Christie
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Santa Fe, NM 87501
(505) 988-4284

NEW YORK
Troy—Ralph Meima
251 Liberty St
Troy, NY 12180
(518) 272-2496

Tully—Milton Bieber
Stevens Rd RD #1
Tully, NY 13129
(315) 696-8072

NORTH CAROLINA
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Fonda
Rt. 1 Box 640B
Andrews, NC 28901
(704) 321-4086

Star—Ron & Sue Correll
Star Farm Rt. 1 Box 78 A-1
Star, NC 27356

OHIO

Columbus—Reed Noss
140 N. West St.
Westerville, OH 43081

Yellow Springs—Rik Thuesen
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Corvallis, OR 97330
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Eugene—Greg Morris
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Eugene, OR 97405
(503) 687-0085

Portland—Melinda Lee
PO Box 594 Sherwood, OR 97140
(503) 628-2814

PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia—Lisa Jo Frech
233 Plymouth Rd
Gwynedd Valley, PA 19437

TEXAS
Rio Grande Guides' Assoc.
Box 57
Terlingua, TX 70852

UTAH
Escalante—Robert Week
Calf Creek, Box 60
Escalante, UT 84726

Logan—George Nickas
422 N 400 E
Logan, UT 84321

Moab—Bob Phillips
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Moab, UT 84532
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Salt Lake City—Spurs Jackson
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Mert Kuehn
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53027 (414) 673-6372

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Nagasaki Johnson
Box 2617
Jackson, WY 83001
(307) 733-8054

(NOTE TO CONTACTS: Please
check to make sure your address is
correct. Send us your phone
number if we don't have it.)

EFF State Wilderness

Coordinators

The following people are coordinating EFF wilderness studies and comments to agencies in their respective states. As was mentioned in the last issue of EFF, it was decided at the RRR that Earth First! should become more involved in the BLM wilderness review and RARE II wilderness bills. The EFF paper will maintain a file of all EFF comments so please send copies of your comments to us. If you'd like to coordinate BLM or Forest Service wilderness in your state for EFF, please let us know so we can list you. EFFers who would like to help on this project should contact their state coordinator.

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NEVADA
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Round River Rendezvous 1983

The 1983 Earth First! Round River Rendezvous is being planned for the July 2-4 weekend in the Siskiyou/Kalmiopsis area of California/Oregon. Suggestions for possible location sites would be appreciated.

Southeast Earth First! Rendezvous

Earth Firsters in Dixie are planning an Earth First! gathering during the full moon weekend of August 20-23 near the Shining Rock Wilderness in North Carolina. Contact Hank & Mary Fonda (704) 321-4086, Rt. 1 Box 640B, Andrews, NC 28901 to help organize the gathering.

Alaskan Slope Under Continuing Attack

The North Slope of Alaska is a roadless area roughly the size of the state of California. Yet, we in the "lower 48" know little about its demise. We've just received the following information from Earth Firsters in Barrow.

The North Slope Borough of Barrow, Alaska, has seriously questioned the proposed offshore development of the Sag River Delta near Prudhoe Bay. The Sag River Delta is the home of the largest known breeding colony of Lesser Snow Geese in Alaska. Development would have a seriously adverse effect on Snow Geese nesting.

Disturbance of prey species of waterfowl and shorebirds may eventually disrupt existing Peregrine Falcon populations in the area.

The Sag is considered the most important spawning river for Arctic Char on the Arctic coast. The Sag Delta has traditionally been used by caribou both for calving and insect relief. Cumulative impacts of development on the Central Arctic Caribou herd have become serious. The animals are being pushed into more marginal calving, feeding and insect relief areas. Though caribou populations are increasing, biologists agree that such areas must be deleted from production and development or disastrous effects on caribou populations may occur. (To date the factors which cause caribou herd fluctuations are not understood.)

In short, the proposed developments could be devastating to the geese, falcons, char, caribou and native people of the Sag River country. Please contact for more information:

John C. George
Box F14
Barrow, AK 99723

Foreman Nominated for National Sierra Club Board

Thanks to all you true-blue Sierra Club members who are also Earth Firsters, Dave Foreman has been successfully nominated for the Sierra Club National Board of Directors. (Foreman received twice as many petition signatures as necessary.) The election will be held this spring and ballots should have been mailed out by the time you read this.

Foreman is running on a no-apology, no-compromise platform to get the Sierra Club back to the deep ecology vision of John Muir. He said, "The Sierra Club is the most influential environmental group in the world but it has become too cozy a member of the industrial establishment. It's time the Club quit pussy-footing."

His primary specific goal for the Sierra Club is to complete the Regional Representative program and to base a full-time Asst. Regional Rep. in each of the public land states.

Secret reports reaching *Earth First!* indicate that the Club staff and volunteer leadership are split between those who think that "Foreman is the most naive, simplistic, emotional @*%\$#! jackass in the environmental movement! He'll destroy the Sierra Club!" to "Sure, he's a jackass, but at least he'll make those godawful Board meetings a little more exciting." to "He's a saint. He'll save the Club from entropy, moderation, bureaucratization, and sobriety."

Remember. A vote for Dave Foreman is a vote for extremism. Tell your friends.

DINKEY CREEK ALIVE

(Dinkey Creek, sometimes known as the West Fork of the Kings River, is located between Yosemite and Kings Canyon National Parks in the Sierra National Forest.)

After last summer's rally, all was quiet on the Dinkey Creek front. Those dedicated to stopping the planned damming and tunneling waited through the autumn for the outcome of four years of administrative appeals, formal hearings, and endless legal filings. By early December, all the results were in. We hadn't won, but, more importantly, we hadn't lost.

The Army Corps of Engineers gave the ok to dump tunnel muck in several streams associated with the planned project. The California State Water Resources Control Board granted KRCD (Kings River Conservation District, the money-and-water greedy hucksters that want to build the damn) conditional rights to the water in question. Finally, FERC (Federal Energy Regulatory Commission) granted a license to KRCD for the project.

While this seems all very gloomy, SAFE (Sierra Association For the Environment) has just begun to fight. And more importantly, SAFE's actions thus far have set some rather significant precedents.

SAFE's intervention prevented FERC from sliding over proper examinations of ethnographic, archaeological, and historic resources. The work for the EIS essentially ignored the local Indians, the historic merit of the area, and did a poor job of identifying archaeological resources. Due to SAFE's persistence, the applicant, KRCD was forced to fund extensive ethnographic and historic studies. Further archaeological studies were conducted. Finally, the State Water Board made it a condition for the water rights that KRCD negotiate with the Indians and compensate them for the loss of "camps, trailheads and culturally important sites."

The State Water Board is also requiring KRCD to redo a botanical survey, compensate groups for the loss of recreational facilities, and do further studies about the impact of the project on the deer herd and fisheries. A firm contract for the sale of the project electricity is being required before construction begins. This last requirement could be a key factor in stopping the project. The State Water Board recognized that the project cost was underestimated. This would entail the need for the sale of more bonds and raise the cost of the electricity.

Meanwhile, SAFE has shifted gears and entered a new phase in the battle to save Dinkey Creek. SAFE has appealed the State

Water Board decision to grant water rights. The State moved ahead and filed a Notice of Determination without notifying SAFE. They denied SAFE's request to withdraw the notice. Unless the State withdraws its notice, SAFE may be prevented from seeking judicial review of its appeal. Therefore, SAFE will take the state to court over the matter.

Suit was filed in Federal Appeals Court in San Francisco against the FERC decision. SAFE is considering filing against the Army Corps of Engineers as well. According to J.V. Henry, legal counsel for SAFE, there are at least two to four years of legal battles ahead.

SAFE has attracted the attention of national environmental and Native American groups for its work in saving Dinkey Creek. It appears that SAFE's position is legally very strong.

Of other interest is the fact that the dambuilders have fired the engineering firm that designed the proposed Dinkey Project and hired Bechtel to carry on. Michael Bordenave, SAFE's coordinator for Dinkey Creek, says SAFE is ready to take on the "Bohemians."

SAFE has noted that the lower Dinkey Canyon which could be affected by the proposed dam project is a roadless area. It was thrown out of the roadless area review by the Forest Circus without consideration of any kind.

It is rumored that individuals are contemplating other tactics outside of the traditional legal paths to save Dinkey Creek. The possibility of damage to machines of those already working in the Dinkey area in anticipation of the project could substantially increase the expense of the whole damn (thing). SAFE does not endorse such activities. Rest assured that the Forest Circus acts as though the damned damn were a sure thing. They have already established a rock quarry which is to be "mitigated" by "spoils" from the proposed Dinkey Project. Enough engineers and specialists of every religion have swarmed over the area to build a bridge to the moon and back.

You'll take Dinkey Creek over my dead body... 'cause I've got the Dinkey Creek blues.

Forest Nymph

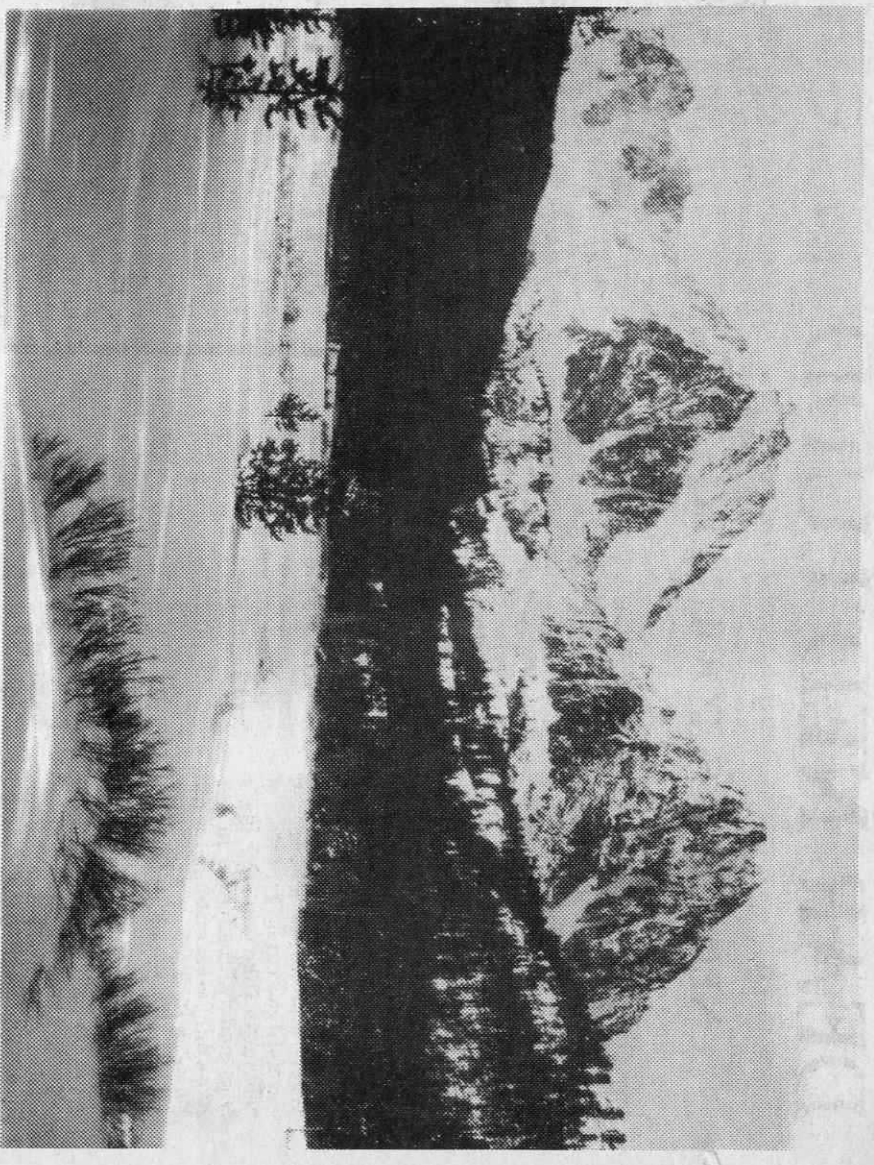
Little Guys Win in Supreme Court

SAFE filed a precedent setting suit against the California Public Utilities Commission over the Balsam Meadow Project. This is a hydro project planned by Southern California Edison in the Sierra National Forest of California near Shaver Lake.

Thanks to SAFE's Supreme Court suit, the PUC backed down and withdrew its notice of termination. A new EIR is being prepared from scratch and the PUC is granting a rehearing.

Hike across UTAH

Or join us for part of the trip! This is no mere pedestrian excursion. We'll backpack over 400 miles across some of the most spectacular land in the U.S. The Pine Valley Mountains, Zion N.P., Cedar Breaks N.M., The High Plateaus, Bryce Canyon N.P., Capitol Reef N.P., The Henry Mountains, Glen Canyon N.R.A., Dark Canyon Primitive Area, The Abajo Mountains, Hikanation-Utah is not a school, not an outfitter. We're just a loose bunch of backpackers from all over. Write for details: Rich Warnick, P.O. Box 374, Monticello UT 84535



EARTH FIRST! PROPOSES 675,000 ACRE WHITE CLOUD WILDERNESS

Earth First! recently announced a proposal for a 2.7 million acre *Idaho High Country National Preserve and Wilderness*, which would include three large wilderness units in the White Cloud and Boulder, Sawtooth, and Pioneer Mountain ranges. The proposed White Cloud/Boulder Wilderness would encompass approximately 675,000 acres of spectacular mountains and rangelands, and contrasts markedly with the small 420,000 acre White Cloud/Boulder Wilderness proposed by the Idaho Conservation League and the Sierra Club. Earth First! will be putting together specific wilderness proposals for the Pioneer and Sawtooth ranges in the near future.

One Idaho Earth Firster said, "The Idaho Conservation League and the Sierra Club have been making these ridiculously moderate proposals for too long. Look how they sold us out on the Gospel Hump! Look at how much wild country they excluded from their River of No Return proposal. This Earth First! proposal is just what is needed to ensure that mismanagement by the Predities and the B.L.M. is halted in its tracks. For the first time, I can really support an environmental group and feel good about it!"

The EF! proposal would include the existing Sawtooth National Recreation Area, and would turn management of the entire Preserve over to the National Park Service. Other aspects of the proposal include:

- hunting and fishing continue to be administered by the state of Idaho
- entire area withdrawn from mineral entry... existing rights to be acquired by the Federal Government
- the U.S. Government to acquire development rights (scenic easements) on private lands within the Preserve
- obliteration of all existing roads and other non-wilderness type developments within the three wilderness units. Wilderness recovery areas are to be managed so that they will regain their true wilderness character
- no grazing of domestic livestock within the three wilderness units
- removal of "wild horses" from the Preserve
- Wild and Scenic River status for the Salmon, East Fork of the Salmon, Big Wood, and big Lost Rivers.

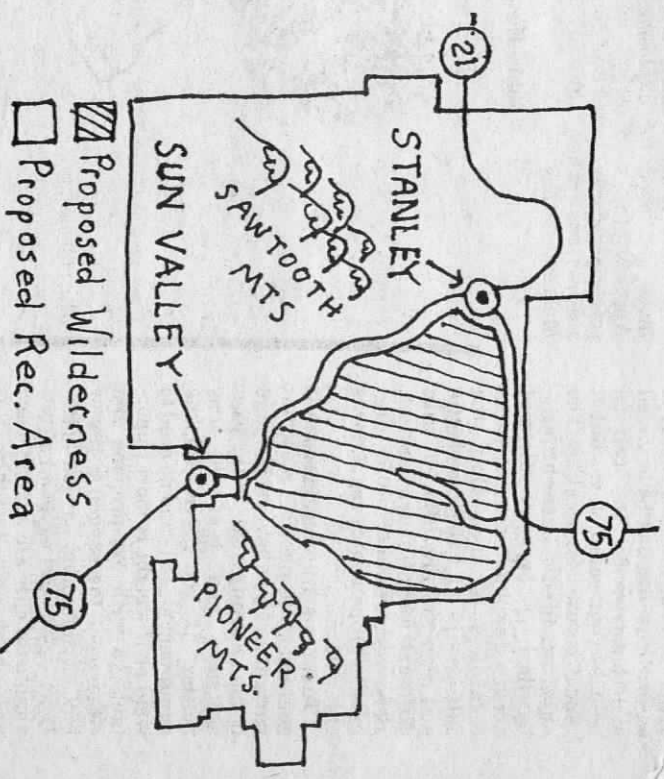
Idaho conservationists have been fighting mining proposals, timbering, and poor grazing practices in the area for years. The region is extremely rich and diverse in its wildlife. This land of rugged glaciated peaks, rich stream valleys, lakes, coniferous forests, ecologically critical sagebrush-grasslands, and lush meadows is the home of mountain goats, bighorn sheep, deer, elk, antelope, cougar, black bear, marten, wolverine, lynx, and a wide array of other species. The existing Sawtooth National Recreation Area, which includes only a small part of this area, is an important destination for millions of outdoor recreationists each year.

Dave Foreman had this to say: "This is a national issue. The namby-pamby approach of the I.C.L. and the Sierra Club will only encourage the Forest Service and the B.L.M. to allow more destruction. We've tried to be nice for too long."

Note: Any person who wishes to help develop and advocate Earth First! Wilderness proposals for the state of Idaho should contact Howie Wolke, or Dave Foreman.

Earth First! Ripped Off

As reported in Nagasaki, Johnson's Road Show Diary, our VW bus was broken into in Sacramento and Cecelia Ostrow's guitar and dulcimer were stolen—along with Nagasaki's dirty laundry. We are trying to raise the money to buy Cecelia a new guitar and any help would be appreciated. Make you check out to Earth First! (or send cash) and send to Guitar Fund, Earth First! POB 235 Ely, NV 89301. Help us put Cecelia's music back on the road!



White Cloud Proposed Wilderness, Idaho

DEAR NED LUDD

NED LUDD'S TOOL BOX

Part One: The Cutting Torch

Hank Fonda, in his excellent articles on closing roads, has a couple of times mentioned the use of a cutting torch designed "for hobbyists and artists" for cutting cable and rebar. While a light-duty torch like this would do those jobs, one should get (for about \$60 to \$100 more) a medium or heavy-duty torch for use on structures or heavy equipment. The larger set-up can handle larger volumes of gasses and therefore can cut larger pieces of steel faster (like bulldozer blade arms and railroad rails in less than a minute each). Since the use of a torch for monkey-wrenching is a team operation anyway (an oxy-fuel flame is very bright—if you use it alone you're asking to get caught), the additional cost might not be so burdensome.

So how does one get the equipment and learn how to use it? Forget hardware stores—go to a welding supply. They can provide the right equipment, the gasses, and the instruction manuals. Use of a cutting torch is fairly simple but certain safety precautions must be adhered to or torch use could be very dangerous. The instruction booklets I've seen are very thorough on both technique and safety. The only criticism I have is that they assume you are cutting clean metal. If you cut metal contaminated with oil or grease, be careful. Oil and grease can burn explosively in pure oxygen.

On the subject of oxygen, get the largest oxygen bottle you can reasonably transport. The whole principle of flame cutting is to burn the metal in a stream of oxygen—the fuel is needed only to preheat the metal. Thus the amount of metal you can cut is directly related to the amount of oxygen you can dispense. Charts provided with the equipment give you the data you need on gas requirements.

On the subject of fuel, consider only acetylene or propane. Each has advantages and disadvantages. Both are equally effective for cutting. Acetylene looks less suspicious in the field because it can be used also for welding, but it's more expensive (unless you rent the bottle).

It is also much bulkier to transport, a bit trickier to handle, and can be obtained only at welding supplies. Propane is cheaper, is easier to handle, can be obtained almost anywhere, and can be used in your camp stove. But it cannot be used for welding. The cutting torch attachment, handle, hoses, oxygen bottle, and oxygen regulator are the same regardless of fuel. Only the cutting tips and the fuel bottle and regulator are different with different fuels (though an acetylene regulator is fine for propane, a propane-only regulator is cheaper).

To summarize our discussion of equipment, if money is most important and you have no propane bottle already, go with oxy-acetylene and rent the gas bottles. If you have propane equipment already and no need to weld or if weight is most important, go with oxy-propane and either rent the oxygen bottle or buy an aluminum oxygen bottle. Don't buy a steel oxygen bottle—aluminum ones are available and are about only two-thirds as heavy. A supplier of medical gasses would be the best place to

Dear Mates,

I've finally convinced me bloody editors to give me a 'ole bloom'n' section of this rag. 'Enceforth, you will see a variety of articles, true life stories, fantasies, letters and the like 'ere in Dear Ned Ludd. I'd appreciate your submissions! Of course, none of us 'ere at *Earth First!* advocate any of the blither contained 'erein since we don't care to run a'oul of King George and 'is lobsterbacks. Read it for enjoyment only.

Down with machines!
Ned Ludd

start looking for one. You don't need to be a gorilla to backpack a heavy-duty oxy-propane set-up with an aluminum oxygen bottle of sufficient capacity to cut up a bulldozer.

Almost all the above can be discussed with your local welding supply salesperson, but the following ought not be:

What can you do with a cutting torch? If you are to be neat or must conserve gasses, use the right tip size for the thickness of metal you are cutting. If you want to destroy something as quickly as possible, use the largest tip appropriate for the amount of gas you have. Besides using it for cutting, you can use your torch to melt bearings, destroy hydraulic pistons, fuse joints, wreck gear teeth, etc. (watch out for grease and oil). In short, a torch may be the optimum tool for converting an expensive machine into a pile of scrap safely, quickly, and quietly. Also, you are not limited to iron and steel. Any metal that readily oxidizes can be cut with an oxygen torch. Aluminum burns very fast, copper burns slowly, and stainless can't be burned at all. Since you need to practice anyway, use scraps of the same material you'd be up against and experiment. Beware of volatile metals like zinc and cadmium (common plating materials) because they can produce dangerous fumes (cadmium is as poisonous as mercury and is retained by the body longer).

While very seldom useful to the solo saboteur, a cutting torch can be a very important tool for a monkey wrench gang. It is much more hazardous than other hand tools, but it can, in combination with other tools, virtually eliminate any need for explosives. Appropriate technology and safety are always important considerations when defending Mother Earth.

—Robin Hood

LIBERATION OF A COON

It is 2:00 a.m. midway into February and the silver of a crescent moon shines in the western sky. Each breath is a vaporous puff of moisture that dissipates in the cold still air.

Raccoon season is over in this area of Virginia and it's time to make a move. The target... a concrete and steel cage near the eastern end of a local city park. Originally built to house a black bear, it is covered with chicken wire so that no one can stick in their hands and have them bitten off by the latest subjugated resident of the bastille... a raccoon.

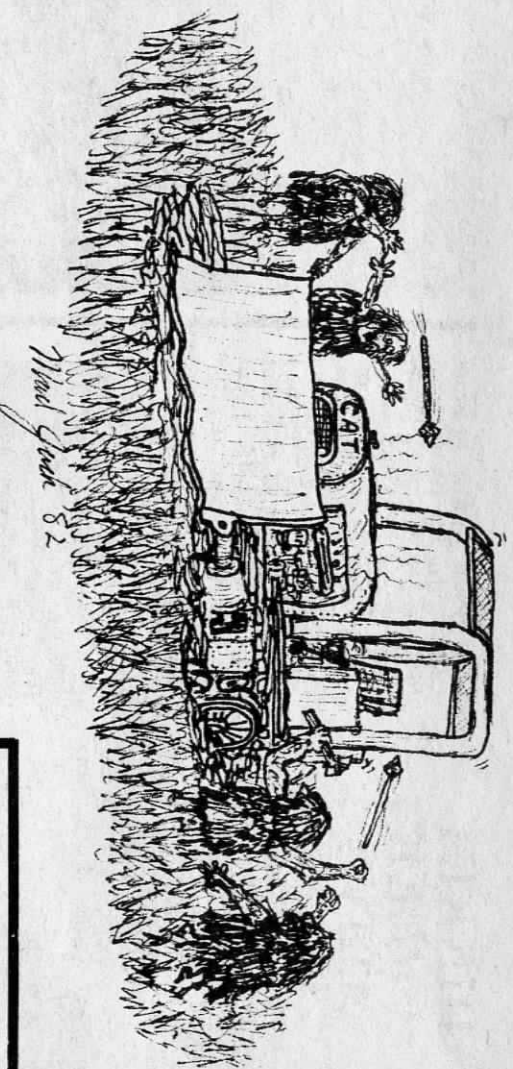
Strapping a wooden crate with a sliding door to a nephew's wagon, I begin my stealthy move through the park and to the cage. Entering from the western end, I leave a trail of footprints and wagon tracks over the frosty grass, making my way from shadow to shadow. Arriving at the cage, I take a quick look around to be sure no one is watching me. Fortunately, there are no guards at the brig. Now, out with the raw fish to arouse the captive. He seems to like me. Moving with ease, I gently slide out the "Fulter" bolt cutters and with one snip the first lock is wrecked. I see the second door with a heavy duty "Master" lock. It looks very expensive but with these extra large bolt cutters, the lock is severed with a very rich and satisfying metallic clunk. I position the open crate in front of the cage and place the other section of fish well to the rear end. The cell door is pushed open and the amiable fellow waddles right in... down slides the crate door. Right away the raccoon screeches and hisses, obviously pissed that he has allowed his stomach to trap him into a smaller cell than he previously inhabited. I lift the crate onto the "Red Flyer," strap it down and slide the bolt cutters underneath. Off we go, at a much faster pace than before. It's a quarter mile back to the safety of my Nova... ten minutes and we're there! Placing my guest onto the back seat and excitedly

laughing aloud, I start the car and head west, out of town. My passenger, still hissing, begins throwing the fish through the openings in the crate. He isn't showing much gratitude.

One hour later... we reach our final destination. I pull off the road, talk to my friend for a few minutes and then place the crate back onto the wagon for a ride to the creek's edge. There is a nice sandy shore where I set the crate. I slide up the door, back off, and from 10 feet away I watch this wonderful creature realize freedom. He slowly moves out of the crate, sniffing the cold moist air. On all fours he digs his dexterous little hands deep into the sand... definitely an agreeable change from the concrete pad. After exhausting this activity he stands on his hind legs allowing his hands and arms to dangle, then raises his nose and stretches. Suddenly he moves to the creek's edge and wades in to belly depth, curiously feeling the stoney creek bottom. Now becoming more certain of his liberation, he discovers a beech tree nearby and slowly climbs.

Before my eyes this animal is experiencing and enjoying some natural instinctive activities. Who knows how long this particular animal might live in the wild? He will though, live and die the life of a raccoon... *mutually*.

—Aaron Wolfe



Ned Ludd 82

Letters, continued

Dear Howie:

I was very pleased with your first installment in The Grizzly Den column, "A Philosophical Basis for the Preservation of Real Wilderness." I too am a wilderness fanatic (What true EFlers isn't!) and your development of a personal love, respect and ethic of wilderness was closely reminiscent of my own, and of many of us, I'm sure. What puzzles me is how in hell the mass of humanity manages to escape or deny this love and respect for Mother Earth. Can you imagine *not* loving Nature? That is virtual psychopathy!

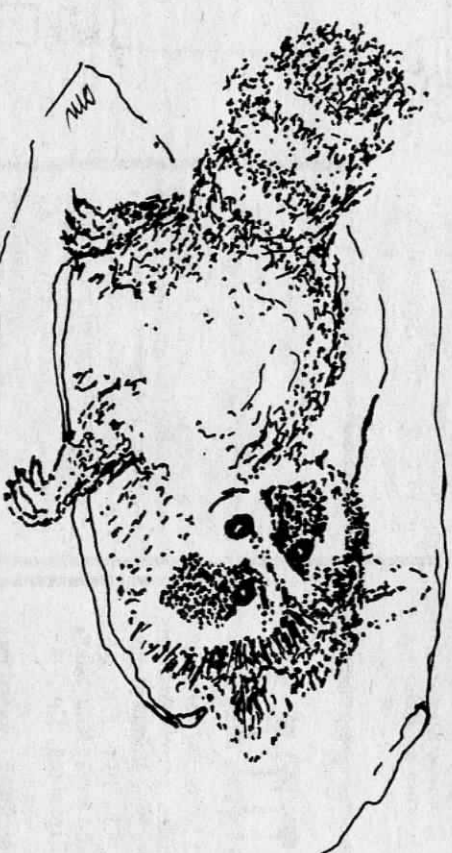
Particularly important in your essay is the distinction between "Ecological Wilderness"—real wilderness—and the quasi-wilderness of bureaucratic designation. Although there is occasional overlap between designated wilderness and real wilderness, the two categories are unfortunately distinct much of the time. We of EFl are striving to make them less distinct of course.

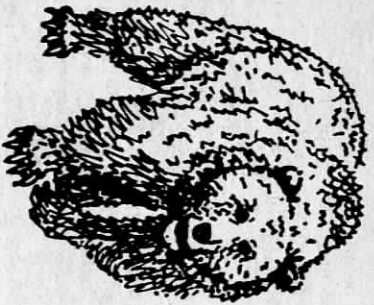
There are just a few comments I wish to make concerning Ecological Wilderness:

However dismal, we must face the fact that no area on earth is free from human influence. This is contrary to your characterization of Ecological Wilderness as "essentially as it was prior to man's arrival, and everything is subordinate to natural, non-human forces. Pervasive global deterioration steadily intensifies in the forms of atmospheric CO₂ accumulation, acid precipitation and the widespread dissemination of agricultural/industrial chemicals. The shit is everywhere. We can't escape it until after the collapse of industrial civilization (which isn't such a bad idea). Even then, it would take many decades or centuries for the earth to cleanse itself, but I trust it will do so before our sun becomes a Red Giant. I'm sure you are well aware of this global deterioration. Howie, and your "essentially as it was" is precisely what I look for in wilderness. I just think it's proper to reiterate that the whole good earth is suffering our abuses.

Continuing along this line, the Earth First! platform for a system of Ecological Preserves is the most noble of causes. I pledge my career and life to such a goal. But let's not exaggerate the potential benefits of the proposed system on a sick earth. Again, industrial society will surround these areas, however vast, and the air and waters will remain tainted. The teeming masses will intrude. Each preserve will be clean and unaltered only in a relative sense, for no ecosystem is totally closed—all exchange energy, materials and species with surrounding systems. Even the biosphere (Gaia) has some exchange, natural and technological, with outer space. Because of systems-level exchanges, no area will be pristine on a man-

Continued on page 11





THE GRIZZLY DEN

by Howie Wolke

Dismantle the Wilderness Act

Public Law 88-577, the Wilderness Act, was signed into law by President Lyndon B. Johnson on September 3, 1964. The result of decades of relentless efforts by conservationists, the Wilderness Act was widely hailed as one of the great achievements in the history of conservation: for the first time, Congress would be able to legally protect the real America from roads and associated developments. No longer would the fate of our wilderness be subject to the whims and prejudices of individual bureaucrats. And within a couple of decades we would have an extensive and well-founded National Wilderness System. So we thought.

In the ensuing two decades it has become vividly clear that the Wilderness Act not only is seriously and basically flawed, but that its implementation has remained dependent upon the whims and prejudices of individual companies, ORV organizations, cattlemen, and virtually anyone with a vested interest in exploiting the public's lands.

In 1983 our "National Wilderness System" is a pitiful skeleton of what conservationists had hoped for 20 years earlier. And it certainly is a miserable fragment of the system for which early visionaries such as Muir, Marshall, and Leopold had hoped. Furthermore, each tiny and ecologically incomplete area that Congress has designated as wilderness has been more than offset by the persistent and planned destruction of non-designated wildlands. The "progress" about which many of our politicians and even some of our alleged colleagues (take note, Bill Turnage) like to brag is illusory. The American Wilderness dwindles each day.

Furthermore, even designated wilderness areas (a whopping 1.2% of the land area of the lower 48 states) are under siege. But the

Ray-Gun Administration's efforts to turn our National Wilderness System over to Big Oil should have come as a surprise to no one. It was inevitable.

Clearly, a broad and objective look at wilderness preservation law should somehow insure that something is very, very wrong. Take the Wilderness Act. By the time it received Congressional approval it was so compromised, so full of loopholes, so much weaker than the first version introduced in the hallowed halls of Congress back in 1956, that its usefulness in wildland preservation was extremely limited. The Wilderness Act is a piece of garbage. It is time for Earth Defenders to stop defending the damn thing. Start attacking it! We must demand a new, tougher wilderness law.

Take the offensive. BE offensive!

If the Wilderness Act is, indeed, the best way we currently have to protect wild country, then let that speak for itself as testimony to the sad state of affairs into which we've allowed the Industrial Monster to drag us. Here are a few ways in which a new wilderness law should correct the inadequacies of the Wilderness Act:

MINING: The Wilderness Act allows mining and energy development in Wilderness Areas so long as valid mineral rights are established prior to midnight, December 31, 1983 (section 4.d.3). Our Wilderness System is infested with mining claims that may be legally developed at any future date. So it's no wonder that Jim Watt, Ronnie Ray-Gun, Yates, Exxon, Shell, Texaco, Arco, and the whole bunch of pill-fearing leeches are anxious to establish leases in Wilderness Areas. The 1984 deadline (unless it is extended) is less than a year away. Our new wilderness law should immediately withdraw all wilderness and potential wilderness from mineral exploration and development. Period.

GRAZING: Most public lands

in America are overgrazed, to one degree or another. The Wilderness Act simply grandfathered in grazing as a use of Wilderness Areas "where established prior to the effective date of this act." Our new wilderness law should somehow insure that overgrazing in Wilderness Areas is halted. Or, perhaps it should simply ban grazing in wilderness (our proposed Ecological Preserves would ban grazing of domestic livestock). Something to "wrestle with."

OTHER LOOPHOLES: Section 4(d)(4) of the Wilderness Act allows the President to authorize "prospecting for water resources, the establishment and maintenance of reservoirs, water conservation works, power projects (will Ronnie-boy propose a Nike plant in the Bob Marshall?), transmission lines, and other facilities needed in the public interest, including road construction..." Need I say more?

CONGRESSIONAL APPROVAL: The passage of the Wilderness Act provided immediate protection only to those National Forestlands already administratively classified as "wilderness," "wild," or "cane." This totalled a mere 9.1 million acres out of a National Forest System of about 187 million acres. It didn't even protect existing primitive areas. Thus, conservationists have spent the last two decades frantically trying to add a few meager scraps of roadless country to this skeletal Wilderness System. The time and energy we've spent playing this game is mind-boggling. A new wilderness law should immediately designate all primitive areas, all agency recommended areas, and all agency study areas as Wilderness. The law should direct all boundaries of all roadless areas within their jurisdiction. After a one year period, all remaining public land roadless areas would automatically become designated Wilderness Areas unless Congress specifically designates an area as Non-Wilderness.

DEFINITION OF WILDERNESS: Section 2(c) of the Wilderness Act defines wilderness in a number of ways: "an area where the earth and its community of life are untrammeled by man... an area of undeveloped Federal land retaining its primitive character and influence... which generally appears to have been affected primarily by the forces of nature, with the imprint of man's work substantially

unnoticeable..." This definition is one of the better aspects of a terrible law. It allows areas that have been abused to be incorporated into the Wilderness System as long as they have recovered most of their wilderness characteristics. It is a good, flexible definition (note the words "generally," "primarily," and "substantially"), but one that does not go far enough. Many areas have been cleared, roaded, and mined beyond recognition. It will be many years before these areas begin, if allowed, to recover from this recent abuse. Yet, in many cases, these areas are important ecological complements to nearby or adjacent wilderness or roadless areas that remain undeveloped. The Fredies and the BLM (Bureau of Large Mistakes) have allowed the destruction of millions of acres of Federal lands that should have remained wild.

Our new wilderness law should embrace the "Wilderness Recovery Area" concept and allow the inclusion of these lands in the National Wilderness System as fully protected Wilderness Areas, with a directive that these wilderness recovery areas be managed so as to assure the recreation of their true wilderness character.

GOALS: A good wilderness law should set some lofty goals. Ours doesn't. The new law should lay a sound philosophical foundation for the preservation of wilderness. A primary stated goal should be to protect functioning and diverse ecosystems in the most complete manner possible.

A good wilderness law should set an ultimate goal of maintaining about 25% of this great land as wilderness! Like most of our politicians, I too, would like to see "balance" achieved between wilderness and non-wilderness uses. A quarter of this magnificent landscape is, I believe, an eminently reasonable goal. A balance, if you will (some "Third World" nations such as Kenya and Botswana have already designated upward of 20-30% of their land area as National Parks and Preserves).

Finally, a good wilderness law should set as a national goal, the creation of an Ecological Wilderness (as stated in the EPI Platform and as described in my last column) in every major native ecosystem in the United States. While this may seem a bit unrealistic for the near future, it may well become an attainable goal after a few decades of social, cultural, and economic castastrophe. One can always hope.

Yes, the Wilderness Act is trash. It is time to recognize that Public Law 88-577 is nothing more than an interim tool, a means to an end. All Earth Defenders, from the Audubon Society to Earth First! must begin to take a broader, less dogmatic view of the wilderness issue. We must begin to demand a new wilderness law. While the Sierrans might have difficulty swallowing some of the provisions I've outlined above, they should still advocate a stronger wilderness law than the one we've got.

In the interim, the environmental movement needs to use *every available tool* to protect our wildlands from destruction. If we can utilize Wilderness Act Wilderness, fine. If Congressionally designated "backcountry" or a "roadless resource area" is the only alternative to destruction, that's okay too. We might even be able to get provisions in these alternative designations that would actually provide stronger protection than the Wilderness Act allows. Let's go for acreage; get lines drawn around areas and lock them up (at least we can bar the door) any way we can! The name matters not.

Time is running out for much of the American Wilderness. Remember, we're trying to preserve diversity; to preserve some building blocks for a real wilderness system; to preserve all kinds of wild country, and some not so wild country. Our current National Wilderness System is only a means to this end.

Earth First! has already proposed National Preserves which would include Wilderness and wilderness recovery areas in Montana and Idaho. Some moderate groups have already begun to accept the idea of Congressionally Designated "backcountry," "Special Wildlife Management Areas," and other alternative designations. As long as these alternatives do not allow roading, logging, and other activities destructive to the wild character of the land, then why not use them? We need to fight for the protection of *all* our remaining wildlands, and we'll need to use all available political tools. Let's begin to use our ingenuity to devise the most effective method for protecting each individual area, while at the same time espousing the enactment of a good wilderness law. *That* is how we can begin to maintain and build real diversity, real wilderness.

Letters, continued

dominated earth.

Finally, extinctions of species could not "virtually screech to a halt," no matter how much land we preserve. Extinction is fundamentally a natural process, representing the failure of gene pools to adapt to changes in their environment. Many of these changes are brought on by evolutionary "advances" in other interacting gene pools. Incidentally, evolutionary advances in our own species may prove our undoing, along with other species (although the cultural-evolutionary advance of capacity for ecological ethics provides some hope). Only now, because of widespread anthropogenic devastation, does extinction far outpace speciation. Episodes of mass extinction have occurred before man arrived on the scene, of course, but never at the whim of an agent capable of foresight and compassion. Somehow, that makes it different (although this is admittedly fuzzy for me intellectually).

Because many species are endemic—extremely limited in geographical distribution—anthropogenic extinction will continue unless every square meter of land is preserved, or perhaps until man himself goes extinct. Saving even very large examples of "every major native ecosystem" will not save every native species, because species distribution is patchy and species composition shifts continuously over space and time. Ecosystems can be whole, but not static.

But we should sure as hell *try* to save every major ecosystem! And not just one example of each, but many, to catch all the subtleties of biogeographic variation among and within species. So essentially I'm agreeing with you, Howie, but I believe the limitations of even our most idealist schemes must be recognized—recognized so that we ask for even more in the protection and restoration of this globe.

In wilderness,
Reed Noss

Good People:

I enjoy very much reading *Earth First!*, however, the nonsense of Chim Blea's "Cat Tracks" piece on nuclear war deserves an answer. It's so full of pat statements on subjects on which the author is clearly ignorant. Although the author doesn't "think" that nuclear war is the worst ecological disaster imaginable, he/she really doesn't have a prayer of knowing. The same goes for the author's view on the ecological effects of industrial development. While it is bad enough to wipe out countless species and destroy land on a grand scale, it is at least doubtful that it is capable of devastating the entire biosphere as a major nuclear exchange might well do given the possibility of ozone layer destruction and other unknown effects. It's good to let many flowers bloom, but why go off the deep end?

Sincerely Yours
Robert F. Mueller

Chim Blea replies: I'm very sorry that anyone took my column to mean that I favored nuclear war or that I didn't think its impact would be devastating. The point simply was that, bad as it may be, nuclear war may be survivable and that if it is, there will be work for us to do afterward.

Dear People
I always get a kick out of the "Boycott Coors" statements in *Earth First!* The reasons are usually that Joe Coors is anti-Earth, anti-labor, anti-women. These are all good reasons to avoid Coors Beer. However, the strongest reason to avoid Coors and all beer is that it booze in all forms is a corporate plot to weaken us wilderness people. Alcohol weakens and eventually destroys our brains, muscles, various organs and nerves, making it impossible to hike. Alcohol is a slow and progressive way to self-malnutrition, brain/liver atrophy, and it's an ideal tool for the greedy corporate pigs who are experts at

non-disclosure and corruption. We in Earth First! must beat them and the best way is to avoid all booze from Joe Seagrams' empire of deceit to Coors' brick brewery of hell. I drank for 27 years and eventually the booze almost killed me and I could hardly even walk. However, I have not touched a drop of the corporate slimy poison for over 2 years now and I'm again looking forward to mountain climbing, skiing, and backpacking. I was lucky. Rau Mocho

To the Editors
To your prolific contributors: "Talk, talk, talk," that's all I ever hear is talk, talk, talk." Bonnie Abbzug New Haven, CT

Dear *EF!*
I would like to get in touch with other *EFers* in the Boulder, Coal Creek, Golden, Colorado area. Give me a call or write: 642-7738, 38190 Janelle Circle, Golden, CO 80403, Kathy

Continued on page 13

Well, the original idea for this piece was for me to keep a diary of daily doings throughout the Road Show to give you readers a general idea of what happened. But, due to the busy schedule we had to keep, and all that driving in Digger's crowded VW bus, it was all I could do to maintain my sanity. So, the diary documentation had to be scrapped, and as a result, my best recollections will have to do.

"What is a road show?" you may well ask. I asked myself that same question when Digger and Johnny asked me to accompany them and Cecelia on the tour that took us from La Grande, Oregon to San Diego, Calif. And the answer is not a simple one. But perhaps I'll be able to give you a better idea by starting at the beginning and telling everything that's fit to print.

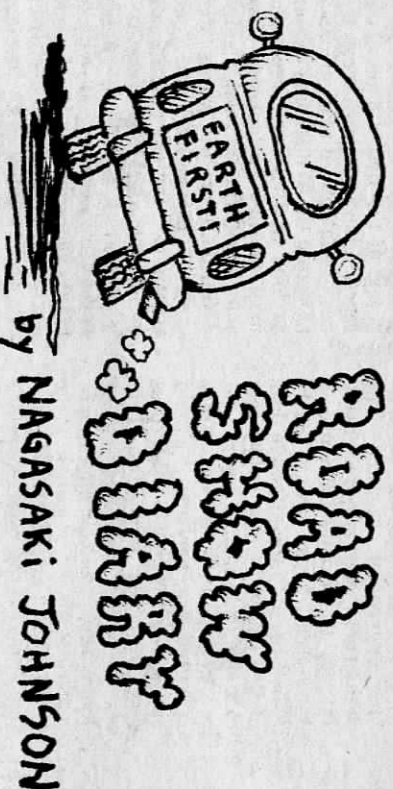
The first stop was LaGrande, where Laurel had arranged for us to play in an old wooden church in town. It was opening night and we were all a little nervous, especially since Cecelia, who was supposed to meet us there, was nowhere to be seen, and there were 75 people anxiously waiting for the program to begin. Ah, but the show must go on, so Johnny Sagebrush, the famed country-western balladeer, accompanied by the dashing Nagasaki Johnson on harmonica, opened the show with Johnny's original tune "Thinking Like a Mountain." The applause was deafening.

After the crowd was warmed up, Johnny went on to play more of his songs of love, wilderness and resistance.

Cecelia showed up right on cue, having driven all the way from Eugene in a Chrysler-product of the 60s-vintage during a freak Ore. rainstorm. She mesmerized the audience with her beautiful voice, singing her songs about her love of all things natural, and of special places. During the entire road show Cecelia never failed to touch people deeply with her music, and her warmth. The audience was at first too spellbound for applause, but applaud they did.

Then came the movie. For those of you who have yet to see the movie "The Cracking of Glen Canyon Dam," a little background: When Earth First! decided to do its first public action, we were very fortunate to have two talented filmmakers on the scene to capture the event.

Toby McLeod and Randy "Hurricane" Hayse were in the neighborhood shooting a documentary on energy development in the southwest, and were interested in an interview with Ed Abbey. They were cryptically asked to meet him at Glen Canyon Dam, and the rest is history.



The film is not only a powerful statement on Earth First! but on the death of the Colorado River as well. (For those of you who are interested, Toby and Randy's hour-long energy documentary, "The Four Corners: A National Sacrifice Area," has been completed and for further information you can contact Toby McLeod at PO Box C-151, La Honda, Calif. 94020).

After the movie the already enthusiastic crowd was ready to be whipped into a frenzy by Digger's fiery oratory. Billed as "ranting and raving," Foreman's style of speech was later to draw this reflective remark from Chico's Mitch Wyss, "I'd never heard ranting and raving before. How can anyone rant and rave? I've heard people scream and yell, but rant and rave, no. Well... NOW I know what ranting and raving is."

Digger expounded tirelessly on the need to revitalize the environmental movement, the need for new strategy and new tactics. And the need to introduce non-violent civil disobedience as a method to save our public lands from destruction.

The people reacted wholeheartedly, and out of the 2500 folks who came to see the Road Show on this west coast tour, almost 300 signed up for the S.W.A.A.T. team. As *Chico Times*' Gary Fowles put it, "It would have awed Oral Roberts."

Digger's speech ended with more applause. Johnny and Cecelia came back out to do more music. Little Green Songbooks were passed out and the crowd sang along to favorites such as "Monkey Wrenching," "Stand in Front of that 'Dozer,'" and "Amazing Waste" until late in the evening.

Afterward, as in all of the Road Show engagements there were meetings with the local people. The meetings were held in living-rooms, bars and kitchens, anywhere we could go to relax and discuss strategy and politics, or just get to know each other.

These meetings became as important a part of the road show as

the performances. It was through these informal get togethers that we exchanged ideas and shared things in common. Friendships and contacts were made and plans were worked out for the important work to be done in the future.

It was hard to leave LaGrande afterward, but we had 16 shows to do in 21 days, and 1,500 miles to drive, so we packed up the next morning, and the hit the road.

From LaGrande, we went to Portland, and then on to Eugene. Both engagements went well, good turnouts and good folks, with nothing unusual happening until we were pulled over in Eugene for a noisy muffler.

At first we were a little ornery with the cop, but decided to get it fixed to avoid further troubles. But getting a mechanic in Eugene proved to be no small task, and we experienced what can only be described as the royal runaround.

We were first referred to Greg's Garage by Midas Muffler. Greg was much too busy to look at it for a week or so, so he sent us to Arlo, who already had more work than he could handle, so he recommended Jerry who suggested Walt just down the street. Walt was backed up for a month or more and told us to try Ernie and Joe's Garage, and they refused, but assured us that George's Texaco was the place to go. Now George was very helpful, he sent us to Rick.

Rick was O.K. We noticed right off he was wearing a VW belt-buckle and that he actually drove one of the damned things. He immediately started poking about the engine and after a brief inspection, jumped back and said, "Holy Shit, I'm surprised you're still alive!"

As it turns out, not only was the muffler broken loose from the exhaust manifold, but a ruptured fuel line was dripping gasoline directly on it. One backfire, he said, and the van would have taken out half a city block. Beirut style.

Thankful for our good fortune and a little less pissed at the cop

we piled our gear, merchandise, musical instruments and ourselves into Cecelia's Valiant and drove to Corvallis in an unseasonal winter rainstorm. We were to play that night at the Old World Trade Center.

The receptions we had received in the other Oregon cities in no way prepared us for Corvallis. We waited in a half an hour before showtime and looked around. Jezziz, this place was huge! They had a real stage with a sound system and everything. And the place was starting to fill up. There were over 200 people.

Roy, the proprietor of the Trade Center, was not only helpful in getting us all set up, but he had in his establishment the largest selection of weird beers in Oregon. There was hardly a country in the world without a representative brew.

Digger spent most of his time lobbying in England, while I preferred the company of the Australians, Johnny seemed most comfortable with the locals.

The program went extremely well that night, so Johnny and I ended the show with some improvised blues and a 1950s medley. If we got carried away, no one seemed to notice. Afterward, Roy told us it was the largest turnout he'd ever had there.

The next morning we picked up the repaired van and drove to Jacksonville. There we were to meet with folks at the Trillium Farm in the Siskiyou.

This was not a regular show, so we were able to relax a little, and it was nice to be in the country. Most of the evening's conversation centered around the proposed Bald Mountain Road and the planned blockade this spring. The people in southern Oregon had already gained some experience in direct action by occupying clearcuts to prevent the spraying of herbicides. We showed the movie and spent the evening playing music with some of the local musicians.

From Jacksonville we drove to Arcata via the beautiful Redwood Highway. There we had another enthusiastic crowd of over 200, crammed into a bank building designed to hold 75 people. (Fortunately, the floor didn't cave in and kill us all.) We had more meetings with local organizers. This time the topic of discussion was the G-O Road. We talked about the upcoming blockade this spring when the snow melts. For more info on that look elsewhere in this issue.

From Arcata we went to Chico for a rendezvous with the Butte County Chapter of the Casualist Party, and a congregational meeting of the First Church of Cold Beer which lasted until 4:30 in the morning. Two hundred

people showed up in Chico and were very supportive. A local group was started.

We hit Sacramento next, for some good luck and some bad. 130 showed up for an enjoyable evening, and a good meeting later. The next morning we discovered that the bus had been broken into during the night and many things were taken, including Cecelia's guitar and dulcimer. We've been doing a little fundraising to replace them so she can continue making her music. If you'd like to help her out let us know.

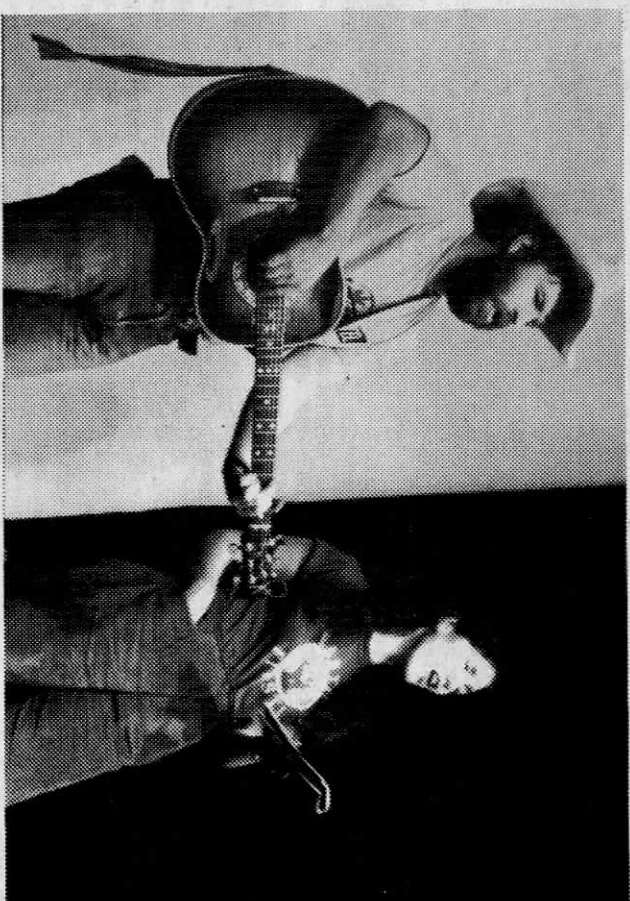
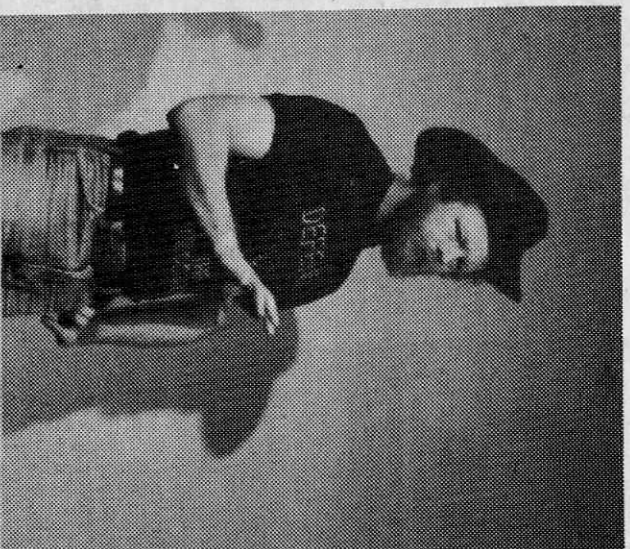
We were supposed to be in Davis for a lunch hour show in the student coffee shop. Two hundred seemed to be the magic number of this trip, because that's about how many I counted. There was standing room only. That night we were at Marin College. About 130 people showed up. Huey Johnson, the former chief of the California Natural Resources Agency under Jerry Brown, spoke on the positive aspects of Watt's impact on the environmental movement, and in defense of direct action to protect the wildlands we love. Digger reminded Huey that Watt received Earth First!'s 1981 Membership Chairman Award.

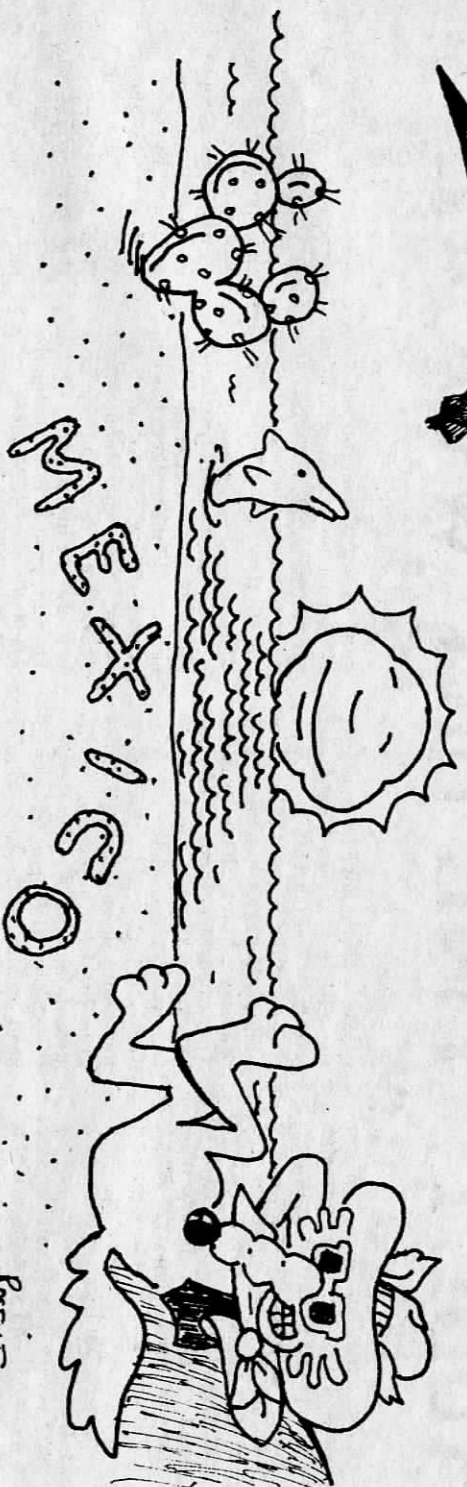
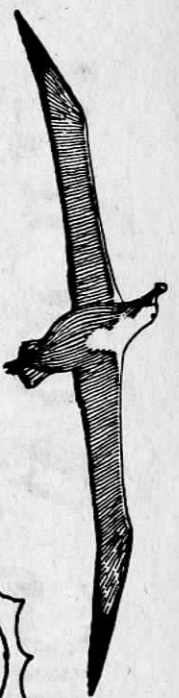
In Berkeley, a crowd of 500 gave Digger's speech on direct action a standing ovation. Digger ate it up. One hundred-thirty showed up at Fort Mason in San Francisco, and the following day we went to the Earth First! NO G-O Road demo at the Forest Service Headquarters. There were a hundred people and one grizzly, who couldn't be restrained from mauling Jim Watt when he unexpectedly arrived. It was rumored that the bear was seen passing out anti-G-O Road leaflets on the Berkeley campus and elsewhere.

The next three stops were Santa Barbara, San Diego, and Irvine where, in all three cities, local groups have begun.

We were anxious to leave Irvine. That is to say, we were anxious to go home. Any way, Cecelia took a bus to Eugene, Johnny took a plane to Vegas, and Dave and I drove toward Albuquerque. It had been a successful trip.

Johnny, Cecelia, Digger and I would also like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who made the road show a success. It was your hospitality and efforts that made the whole thing happen. I regret to say it is not possible to acknowledge here all the help and enthusiasm we encountered along the way, but we do appreciate it. Thank you. N.J.





In Quest of the Unspoiled Beaches & Scenic Dumps of Mexico

Some words on the E.F. Sonora outing by Espuelas Jackson

Christmas Day—Jackson crew arrives in SLC. We make plans for early start the next morning, since it's a long drive to Organ Pipe Cactus Nat'l Monument on the Mexican border, where we'll rendezvous with the others. Early the next morning (11:30) we head south on the Interstate, having no word from Louisa, who was to have called from Baja and let us know where and when in Sonora to pick her up, after she ferried across the Gulf. We drive past four national parks without stopping but can't resist the lure of Dos Equis beer in Page, Arizona. Four-something-a-six-pack and the cashier refuses to let a Navajo woman and her children use the restroom. Ahead leaves the key with a group of Navajos out back... thoughts of Lone Rock campground and the cracking of Glen Canyon Dam filter through my brain as we drive across the bridge. Rest of the journey uneventful until we pull into campground at Organ Pipe at 4:10 a.m.; something wrong here—hundreds of large aluminum cans on wheels, row after row of them reflecting into the truck's headlights as we search among the slumbering sunbird rubble in vain for any trace of Digger or Johnny and crew. We drive past ranger residence on road that leads to the group campsites—*Camping Big Reservation* *Only*—several hundred yards away from the sunbird horror and discover it—completely, all five sites, absolutely, not a sunbird in sight—empty. Four of us, five group campsites, I announce to the half awake bodies in the rear, shutting off the engine and refusing to drive any further.

Early the next morning, Airhead and I set off on foot to find the others; not too difficult, the only people there in a green Volkswagen bus actually sleeping on the ground, albeit on a concrete surrounded pad of dirt. The others gradually emerge from this over-civilized mess and

we leave the living aluminum junkyard for Gringo Pass and the land of 150 pesos to the dollar that awaits beyond. Digger and I ask each other if any word from Louisa—supposedly there's a store at Gringo Pass where she will have called and left word. We go crazy in Sonoyta buying cases and cases of beer: Dos Equis, Noche Buena and Bohemia at 94¢ a sixpack. Border crossing was uneventful except for Sara's quart of grapefruit juice wrongfully set down on a border guard's desk. We eat, exchange dollars for pesos, and inquire of Louisa—no message.

Mexico—On the road to adventure, unspoiled beaches; we head south to Caborca, to buy supplies and bid our adieus to western civilization. Big old flat-bed truck stopped on highway (like something out of *They Drive By Night* with Bogey and George Raft), causes chain reaction of stomping on brakes, everyone stops in time to avoid rear-ending truck and each other but reddish whiz streaks by right side of bus—a car, airborne, hurtling into the desert, coming thunderingly to a halt against a distant cactus. Instead of cursing Digger for throwing me into the beer bucket while napping, I recall the thin line that separates life and death in Mexico. One of the more anti-coyote/buzzard thoughts I've espoused in a long time.

We arrive in Caborca unscathed and proceed to pig out on camarones and cerveza. Bart and Sharon buy nine sacks of groceries at the Supermercado for \$38.00. This includes Airhead's three gallon jug of mescal, which prompts the Mexican guard at the store to use the only two words of English that he knows, "Too much, Señor, too much." Digger meanwhile has completed a deal on twelve more cases of beer at the cerveteria. I give him a bad time for spending six cents a six-pack more than we did at the border. Still no sign of Louisa, either at the bus depot or hitching south out of town.

As the sun sets Digger takes us on a dirt road, running vaguely west that he thinks will take us to a beautifully unspoiled stretch of beach and a sleepy Seri Indian village called Puerto Libertad. We make several false starts

ROSE

ending up in people's backyards but the Mexican kids think it's pretty funny and they laughingly send us back in the right direction. We think, By dark we've actually passed a road sign that says "Libertad" and everyone is in awe of Digger's knowledge of the back roads of Mexico. We drive most of the night, stopping frequently to piss, push vehicles out of the sand and curse, in that order. As we crest a ridge, a sprawling glow of lights, seemingly several football fields in size, looms on the horizon. Could this be the Seri village of six huts that Ed Abbey describes in *Cactus Country*? We push on, perplexed. Another hour or so brings us to the locked gates at the edge of that oasis of lights and a sign that indicates some sort of a thermo electric plant! Oh, I forgot to mention that the road has magically become some incredible brand new two lane blacktop. The crew threatens to mutiny after Digger pulls up to the town dump to camp for the night. In the morning we set off to find the town to see about buying gasoline and mariscos. We find Lucy's instead where we eat breakfast and Digger falls in love, again. We approach some Seri's and pretend to be stupid Norte-americanos who can't speak Spanish—it works every time, even with Seri Indians, and a man climbs into the bus with us—he Seris are unmatched for courage and bravery, and proceeds to direct us to a house where we can buy fish. We display our ignorance, but finally come to our senses and buy ten kilos of fish, whereupon they sell us the gasoline we had wanted in the first place. We resist the impulse to buy the six-foot-long fish they want to sell us, and head back to the dump. A night in the dump listening to the power plant seems to have put everyone in a surly, mutinous mood.

We head south on the paved road, watching for the turnoff to Desemboque. We again end up in somebody's front yard, but after several false starts, a small boy assures us that we're on the road to Desemboque. Early that afternoon we actually come to Desemboque, and head back north along the coast on a dirt road. We pass what appears to be

the main dump but decide it's too early to camp. After pushing the vehicles through a hundred-yard-long sand wash, we camp. Wilderness at last! No roads, no dumps, virgin sandy beaches, no people: NADA. Spirits seem to pick up and Digger is redeemed. Swimming, shell collecting and general sloth seem to be the order of the day. Later, an impromptu baseball game with a baseball found on the beach and a piece of driftwood for a bat. Typical Earth First! fashion—no teams—no rules—no out-of-bounds—no order-hit and run-anywhere you choose to slide becomes a base. The next several days are best not described in detail. Hiking the coastal mountain ranges, wandering the beaches with ever present Tiburon Island across the channel, sleeping underneath the mighty, demented Cardon cactus; staying up until 2:00 a.m. waiting for Digger's eclipse of the full moon, eating Pico's ounce of mushrooms, did we remember to celebrate the new year? Emergency run into Bahia Kino to buy shrimp and restock our depleted beer supply. We buy ten more cases with the last of our pesos, but run out a day later. A farewell meal in Kino and then everyone splits up. Lance and LaKue leave a day early to get back to work. Bart and Sharon and John take Bill back to L.A. Jan and Sara stay in Mexico with Pico and Airhead. Digger and I head for Nogales, then on to Tucson for the night. Calling home the next morning, we discover Louisa had called an hour before from Guaymas, not far from where we'd said our goodbyes at lunch the day before. Typically Louisa, but somehow I had expected her to show up somehow, driving a U-Haul across the Gulf, or something.

The awful realities of western civilization sweep through me, after Digger drops me off at the Phoenix airport, as I sit in a moulded plastic chair waiting for the plane to leave. I'd tried to liquor up at the airport bar, but somehow couldn't escape the alien landscape that surrounded me on all sides—oh god, it's worse than I remember. I was tempted to charge a one-way ticket to Guaymas on my raised piece of plastic and never come back...

LETTERS

Continued

Dear E.F. In the Yule/Brigid E.F. there appeared a rather crude, and unoriginal cartoon of James Watt and a hole in the ground. Don't get me wrong. I have no appreciation whatsoever for anything about the man and I totally despise what he is doing. But that cartoon, and numerous other statements put forth by E.F.—by all of us—made me realize what we have stooped to. We have degraded and defiled ourselves, both in the public eye and perhaps more importantly, in the mirror.

If we must publicly express our wrath toward the destroyers of our Mother, then let's do it by using factual accounts of actual daftly deeds. Leave out the caricatures and let the radiant evilness of the villains speak alone, accentuated only by our accusing fingers (index fingers only). The truth is the most eloquent statement possible and it's also the easiest to defend. The path of folly is most easily exposed when the truth is clearly reflected and not diffused by sensationalism and prejudice.

Rick Spradling

Ed. note: A point well taken. On the other hand, ridicule is a most effective weapon and many argue that the reason Watt has not succeeded in his nefarious plans is because he has become a joke. We'd be interested in other thoughts on this.

Dear Mr. Watt,

I am just one of many voices that is expressing anger toward your carelessness in handling what little wilderness we have left.

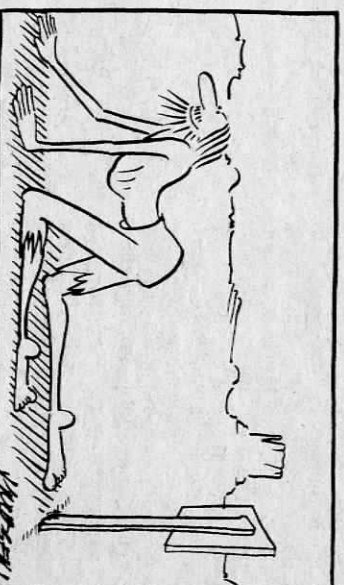
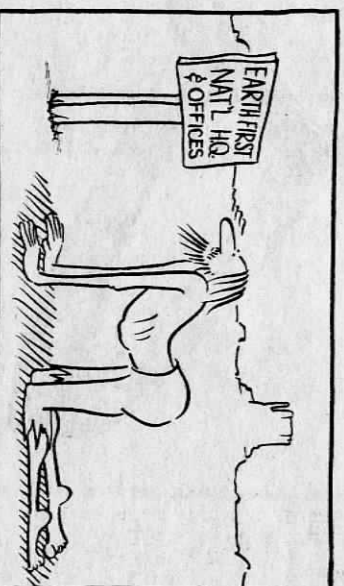
I am now living in northwest Colorado. I've got the Mount Zirkel Wilderness Area almost right outside my front door. Many people, including myself, consider this area home; A place to release our madness that is created from our lives in an overcrowded society. It is also the real home of many precious species of wildlife that have the same right to live here as we do. I spent six weeks last summer in the Zirkel Wilderness and observed quite a bit of wildlife—river otter, black bear, mountain lion, to mention a few.

You may have a lot of industrial strength behind you, Mr. Watt. However, remember this, I will remain here as a lookout at least until November of 1984! Any action you take that will change or destroy our wilderness will be noticed and will be dealt with. We've got one advantage, James. The element of surprise!

—Zirkel

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor are encouraged. Lengthy letters may be edited for space requirements. Be sure to indicate if you wish your name and location to appear. Send to PO Box 235, Ely, NV 89301.



ED ABBEY: THE BIG WOODS

The idea of wilderness needs no defense. It only needs more defenders.

In childhood the wilds seemed infinite. Along Crooked Creek in the Allegheny Mountains of western Pennsylvania there was a tract of forest we called the Big Woods. The hemlock, beech, poplar, red oak, white oak, maple, and shagbark hickory grew on slopes so steep they had never been logged. Vines of wild grape trailed from the limbs of ancient druidical oaks—dark glens of mystery and shamanism. My brother and I, simple-minded farmboys, knew nothing of such mythologies, but we were aware, all the same, of the magic residing among and within those trees. We knew that the Indians had once been here. Seneca and Shawnee, following the same deer paths that wound through fern, moss, yarrow, and mayapple among the massive trunks in the green-gold light of autumn, from spring to stream and marsh. Those passionate warriors had disappeared a century before we were even born, but their spirits lingered. Their shades still informed the spirit of the place. We knew they were there. The vanished Indians were reincarnated, for a few

transcendent summers, in our bones, within our pale Caucasian skins, in our idolatrous mimicry. We knew all about moccasins and feathers, arrows and bows, the thrill of sneaking naked through the underbrush, taking care to tread on not a single dry twig. Our lore came from boys' books, but it was the forest that made it real.

My brother Howard could talk to trees. Johnny knew how to start a fire without matches, skin a squirrel, and spot the eye of a sitting rabbit. I was an expert on listening to mourning doves, though not on interpretation, and could feel pleasure in the clapperclaw of crows. The wolf was long gone from those woods, and also the puma, but there were still plenty of deer, as well as bobcat and raccoon and gray fox; sometimes a black bear, or the rumor of one, passed through the hills. That was good country then, the country of boyhood, and the woods, the forest, that sultry massed deepness of transpiring green formed the theater of our play. We invented our boyhood as we grew along; but the forest—in which it was possible to get authentically lost—sustained our sense of awe and terror in ways that fantasy cannot.

Now I would not care to revisit those faraway scenes. That forest which seemed so vast to us was only a small thing after all, as the bulldozers, earth movers, and dragline shovels have proved. The woods we thought eternal have been logged by methods formerly considered too destructive, and the very mountainside on which the forest grew has been butchered by the strip miners into a shape of crude symmetry, with spoil banks and head walls and right-angled escarpments where even the running blackberry has a hard time finding a foothold. Stagnant water fills the raw gullies, and the creek below runs sulfur-yellow all year long.

Something like a shadow has fallen between present and past, an abyss wide as war that cannot be bridged by any tangible connection, so that memory is undermined and the image of our beginnings betrayed, dissolved, rendered not mythical but illusory. We have connived in the murder of our own origins. Little wonder that those who travel nowhere but in their own heads, reducing all existence to the space of one skull, maintain dreamily that only the pinpoint of the moment is real. They are right: A fanatical greed, an arro-

gant stupidity, has robbed them of the past and transformed their future into a nightmare. They deny the world because the only world they know has denied them.

Our cancerous industrialism, reducing all ideological differences to epiphenomena, has generated its own breed of witch doctor. These are men with a genius for control and organization, and the lust to administer. They propose first to shrink our world to the dimensions of a global village, over which some technological crackpot will erect a geodesic dome to regulate air and light; at the same time the planetary superintendent of schools will feed our children via endless belt into reinforcement-training boxes where they will be conditioned for their functions in the anthill arcology of the future. The ideal robot, after all, is simply a properly processed human being.

The administrators laying out the blueprints for the technological totalitarianism of tomorrow like to think of the earth as a big space capsule, a machine for living. They are wrong. The earth is not a mechanism but an organism, a being with its own life and its own reasons, where the sup-

port and sustenance of the human animal is incidental. If man in his newfound power and vanity persists in the attempt to remake the planet in his own image, he will succeed only in destroying himself—not the planet. The earth will survive our most ingenious folly.

Meanwhile, though, the Big Woods is gone—or going fast. And the mountains, the rivers, the canyons, the seashores, the swamps, and the deserts. Even our own, the farms, the towns, the cities, all seem to lie helpless before the advance of the technological juggernaut. We have created an iron monster with which we wage war, not only on small peasant nations over the sea, but even on ourselves—a war against all forms of life, against life itself. In the name of Power and Growth. But the war is only beginning.

The Machine may seem omnipotent, but it is not. Human bodies and human wit, active here, there, everywhere, united in purpose, independent in action, can still face that machine and stop it and take it apart and reassemble it—if we wish—on lines entirely new. There is, after all, a better way to live. The poets and the prophets have been trying to tell us about it for three thousand years.

by Spurs Jackson

BOOKS TO BE READ BEFORE BURNING

Come the revolution, these books will probably be in plentiful supply but just in case we don't win, here's a list of some of my own eclectic favorites. While only some of them deal with wilderness issues, all express thoughts and ideas, feelings and values that are incompatible and incomprehensible to those American Dreamers out there cruising the Interstates, sleeping at the nearest Howard Johnson's in sight of the off-ramp, eating high-tech food in plastic places with names like Denny's and McDonald's, or to those obedient zombies whose idea of high foreign adventure is a week in Mazatlan at the Hilton. Scientists, Moonies, Mormons and lobotomized folk of their ilk, probably won't like them either. At least I hope so.

THE DEATH SHIP by B. Traven. One of the single most important novels of the 20th Century. A masterful satire on life in the bureaucratic nightmare and life with no legal identity. While Traven's works are available in over 500 editions in 36 languages worldwide (over 35 million copies sold) he remains practically unknown in the U.S., except for *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (The John Huston film with Humphrey Bogart, Walter Huston and Tim Holt).

THE JUNGLE NOVELS by B. Traven. Traven's insightful six volume epic of the plight of the Indians under Diaz's rule in Mexico, their forced servitude in the mahogany camps and a brilliant record of the underlying reasons for the Mexican revolution. The individual titles are: *Government, The Carrista, March to the Mountains, La Tronza, Rebellion of the Hungry, and General From the Jungle, La Tronza* is currently unavailable in English.

SLICKROCK by Edward Abbey. Some of Abbey's finest nonfiction writing since *Desert Solitaire*. Often neglected and

little read due to its being out of print since 1976 and because it's a coffee table picture book. Often just skimmed through. Look for it.

ON DESERT TRAILS WITH EVERETT RUESS. This posthumously published tribute to the original wanderer of the Southwest deserts was originally published in 1951. Through his paintings, poetry and letters to family and friends, the young Everett Rueess, who vanished in Southern Utah in 1934, attempts to interpret his beloved canyon country and describe the lure that the desert held for him and why he preferred the "lone trail" of the red rock wilderness to that of his fellow humans back in civilization.

APPÉ & ESSENCE by Aldous Huxley. A little read novel on a post-atomic society that sums up my views... "The leech's kiss, the squid's embrace; The prurient ape's defiling touch; And do you like the human race?", no, not much."

GANDIE FOLLOWS HIS NOSE by Heywood Brown. "If you don't care where you're going, just follow your nose." A curious book written in the 1920s...

CATCH 22 by Joseph Heller. Of course, I wonder what a catch-22 was called before Heller came along.

THE METAMORPHOSIS, THE TRIAL, PORTER OF A HUNTER ARTIST by Franz Kafka. Anyone who writes stories about awakening to find yourself turned into a giant cockroach is my kind of misanthrope.

LETTERS FROM THE EARTH. A PEN WARMED UP IN HELL & MARK TWAIN IN ERYPTION by Mark Twain. Twain on "the whole damned caustic writing, most of which was suppressed during his lifetime and by his estate for years afterward."

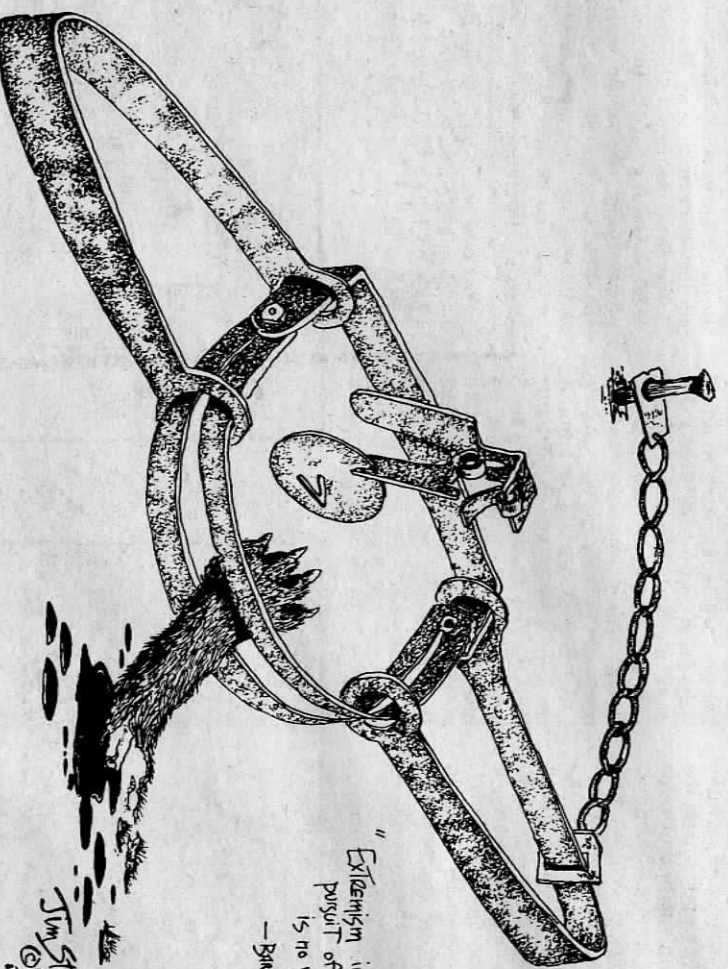
CEREMONY by Leslie Marmon Silko. A powerfully written novel, interspersed with stories and poems from the oral traditions of the Southwest Indians. The story poem, "The Destroyers," is a great indictment of the coming of the white man on the face of planet earth.

GO IN BEAUTY. THE BRONC PEOPLE & PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST WITH 26 HORSES by William Eastlake. Three lyrically written novels, evocative of the spirit of the Southwest. If you like Abbey's early fiction (*Brown Cowboy & Five on the Mountain*), these contain similar strength and spirit.

MOUNTAIN MAN by Vardis Fisher. Corrupted into the Robert Redford movie, *Jurassic Johnson*, this novel remains a powerful statement on the spiritual values of wilderness and the late 19th century's love/hate relationship with it.

POGO by Walt Kelly. Any of the 30 or so volumes of cartoons by one of the master cartoonists before his death in the late sixties. Pogo ran for president in 1952 on the I Go Pogo platform. Kelly coined the term "We have met the enemy and he is us," and "Now that we've made the world safe for democracy, who'll make democracy safe for us?"

ARCHY & MEHTABAL by Don Margulis. Wonderfully bizarre humor by the creator of Krazy Kat. Remember Ignatz Mouse, Offica Pup and Cocoonino County? Margulis' surreal anti-authoritarian humor is not to be missed.



"Extremism is the pursuit of liberty is no vice."
—Benny Goldwater

Jim Stiles
©1983
at Moos, Utah

FREE NAVAJO SAM

The Saga of Navajo Sam

By Art Goodtimes

As Ed Abbey wrote in the last issue of *EFF*: "Philosophy without action is the ruin of the soul. One brave deed is worth a hundred books..." Navajo Sam would heartily agree. Catapulted into national prominence this summer as the "trail bandit" of the rugged San Juans in Colorado's southwest corner, the 51-yr-old ex-lumberman of Wisconsin Finnish descent had long spoken out about the evils of the American system. As neighbors in rural Placerville, we would sit and talk for hours about the stranglehold of the multinationals, the destruction of ecosystems, the worldwide starvation while American grain was dumped to lower prices. Imagine a bearded bear of a man who stands 6 feet tall and weighs in at around 200 pounds, long hair and bearded red-brown as oak bark, railing against big business louder and more vehemently than any 25-yr-old SDS radical.

I remember last summer when Sam tried to convince me that the time for revolution was now and that I should join him in the mountains to begin the overthrow of the Capitalist system. I begged off. I had a wife to consider. The time wasn't right, I thought. Sam just smiled. "There's been too many ripoffs for too long." He was ready.

A series of incidents on the trail to Navajo Lake this summer proved that Sam had moved from philosophy to action. His robberies, though exaggerated and distorted in the press, amounted to rhetorical encounters as much as armed pleas for food. More than one convert listened to Sam for hours as he lambasted the American dream. "The system has stopped working. People call it a democratic system where all people are treated equal but that's not the way it is. It's a one-sided Capitalist system and most people are for money and power. Greed—that's what has destroyed the country. Why do people have to have way more than they need? In this country they talk and write against killing, destruction and pollution and there's more of it than anywhere else in the world!"

But one doctor and a couple of girls from Phoenix played into the hands of authorities. A warrant was issued and Sam was tricked into surrendering. Although he had vowed, "If the Forest Service or any lawman or authorities come up and give me a bad time, well, then I guess it will end in a shootout because I'm not coming down." But betrayed by a friend, Sam was jailed for nineteen days. It looked bad. Accused of aggravated robbery and felony menacing, Sam faced up to 15 years in the slammer. As Sam told one reporter from the *Kansas City Times*: "I robbed four people of food and they called me a bearded, gun-toting lunatic and I'm branded public enemy number one. How about the oil companies and the rich people and the government that steals billions of dollars?" But on another level getting arrested

also got him in the public eye. "After the robberies, I got famous. I guess there was no other way to get the point across. I'm Navajo Sam the revolutionary and that's the way it's got to be."

But Sam wasn't about to waste away in jail. He had a few tricks up his sleeve. So while everyone else was amazed, it came as no surprise to Sam when County Judge Robert Johnson dismissed all charges at a preliminary hearing saying that prosecutor Craig Westburg had failed to show probable cause why Sam should be brought to trial. However even Sam was surprised when 50-odd spectators at the Dove Creek courtroom, including a class of local students, broke into sustained applause. Sam had chided Public Defender Alex Tejeda in on some facts that enabled his defense lawyer to cut gaping holes in the testimony of the witnesses. It was an impressive turnaround.

Of course, threatening the establishment with a gun is not taken lightly in government circles, even if one is only asking for food. Sam retired to a cabin loaned to him by a friend in Placerville.

Jail had been hard on the mountain man. It took him a week or so to recuperate from some virus he picked up there. But friends who had stated a Legal Defense Fund and printed up "Free Navajo Sam" bumper stickers didn't get to visit with Sam for long. Rumors of a new warrant being issued and charges being re-filed sent Sam into hiding. Getting caught once and escaping is daring. Getting caught twice is stupid. And Sam is not stupid.

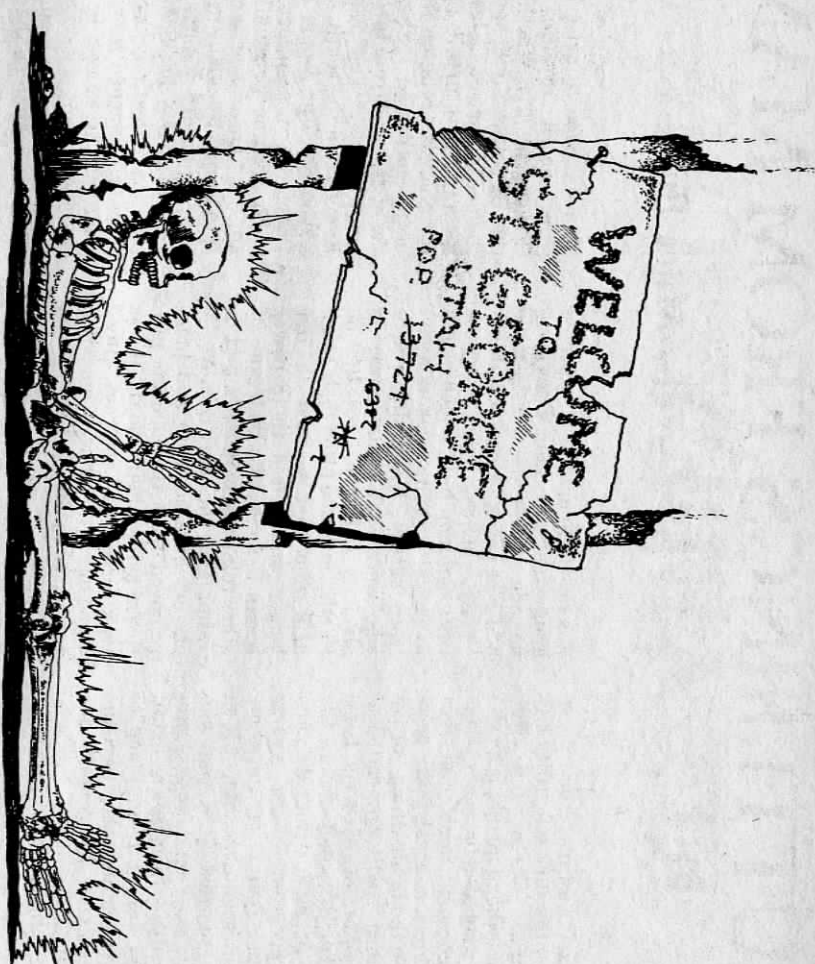
As of this writing Navajo Sam is still on the lam. Whether he's deep in the mountains or halfway to El Salvador, I know there's at least one man out there who believes things have gone quite far enough and is doing something to change it. If you get corralled next summer in some faroff wilderness by a lanky mountain man sporting a pearl-handled revolver and a lever-action .22, give him all your food, or better yet, join him.

What follows is an excerpt from Navajo Sam's journals in the form of an open letter to the American People: "I just tell it the way it is. I lived in northern Wisconsin for 44 years. I produced food and forest products for 40 years, and for about 25 years had nothing but ripoffs by the system—greedy Americans and the law. There is no way I can support a system like there is in this country. I haven't seen my own kids in 22 years because of the Law, and the System."

"Coming to Colorado 7 years ago I worked for 2 logging outfits in Colorado and 2 in New Mexico and all of them ripped me off. Duke City Lumber Co. and the Forest Service cheated me on scale. They work together like organized crime, ripping off the cutters and small loggers. Several years ago I was accused of stealing by the sheriff of San Miguel County, which was a false

"No person has been exposed to a harmful amount of radiation from fallout... Surveils tests have not resulted in the accumulation of a hazardous amount of radioactivity in the soil."

— Atomic Energy Commission, 1953
(on nuclear tests in the Navaho desert, west of St. George, Utah)



Jim Stiles
© 1983
St. George, Utah

NEXT ISSUE IN EARTH FIRST!

Local Organizing
G.O. Road/Baldy
Mountain Road
Blockades
EFF! Wilderness
Preserve Map

ON TACTICS

by Nagasaki Johnson

In the few years since the founding of Earth First!, most of us have been trying to build an alternative organization with new tactics as yet untried in the environmental movement. Most of the tactics themselves are not new to political causes, but simply new to us as environmentalists. The cause and effect of direct action involvement is well documented in this country and throughout the world.

Although we need an understanding as to how it will affect us as a group and the community as a whole, there is no reason to get hung-up on the subject because as long as we act out of sincerity and with unabashed passion the end result will be beneficial to us and to nature.

For instance, an interesting situation unfolded the other night in the Wort Hotel Bar here in Jackson as Howie Wolke was attempting to educate some instructors and their students from the nearby National Outdoor Leadership School on wilderness and Earth First!. Howie, armed with maps and such, was doing an excellent job of filling the gaping void left in their wilderness education by NOLS (for to survive in the wilderness, one must first have wilderness in which to survive) when the meeting was interrupted by a drunk local businessman who insisted on arguing with Howie and "getting right in his face" as we say around here. For those of you who know Howie, the results would have been predictable, but without getting into too much, let's just say that a fight was averted by the watchful bouncers and an impressive show of force in the form of a semi-circle of large people in cowboy hats.

At this point, two of the instructors, affectionately known as NOLsies, stood up and left in disgust, apparently offended by this uncivilized display of bravado. Unfortunately, I thought at first, that they were so turned off by the incident. But, I was wrong! The students, while quiet at first, had more beers and

pretty soon the atmosphere of tension disappeared and a good time was being had by all. Now the only reason I mentioned this is because of what happened later in the men's room while we were passing our liquor and talking. A middle-aged gentleman, a little overweight and wearing polyester slacks, could not help but hear our conversation as he pissed. "You boys from Earth First!?" he asked. "Oh, shit," I thought, "here we go again."

"I really like what you're doing," he said, and went on a little. As it turns out, he is a born and raised local and works for a living. He is distressed by the encroachment of oil and timber companies on the surrounding country he grew up in and he wished us all the luck. And finally, he added, while he shook his penis and put it in his pants, "I wish you'd a kicked the shit outta that asshole out there, because that's all he is! I've wanted to do it myself on several occasions."

So, while two NOLsies were offended by Howie's bellowing rage and threatening posture, one person at least was favorably impressed, and Howie admitted later that the instructors were probably not Earth First! material anyway. This gets us back to the subject of tactics, and I think a point was well illustrated that evening. It is better to turn one person on even if in doing so you alienate two others. Earth First! shouldn't have to worry about alienating people or offending them, or for that matter, should we worry about our images either. Because as long as we are true to ourselves and act with courage, we will be defending the Earth with honor, and, brothers and sisters, that's what counts.

Let the press misrepresent us, let the moderates attack us, let the lackeys fear us, we can do no wrong for our hearts are in the right place. After all, being an Earth First!er means never having to say you're sorry.

MUTTERINGS FROM MAMA

by Mama Rue

Ostara, Eostar, Eostre, or Easter is the spring fertility rite of Mother Earth and Her Son/Sun (who, depending on the legend, may also be her brother and/or consort.) Such rites were most widely and solemnly celebrated in the lands which bordered the eastern Mediterranean Sea. "Under the names of Osiris, Tammuz, Adonis, and Attis, the peoples of Egypt and Western Asia represented the yearly decay and revival of life, especially of vegetable life, which they personified as a god who annually died and rose again from the dead. In name and detail the rites varied from place to place; in substance they were the same," (Frazer, *The New Golden Bough*, p. 284).

The religious rite of sacrificing the lord or king in order to insure the well-being of the plant and animal life on which human life depended originated in the dim past of primitive cultures for whom sympathetic magic was a concrete reality. In this century still, the Shilluk of the White Nile believe their king to be a reincarnation and personification of the divine savior who founded their culture and settled the tribe in its territory. The king is not allowed to become ill or old, for his diminishing vigor is sure to affect the crops in the fields and the health and fertility of both cattle and the people of the tribe. Therefore, at the first sign of old age or diminishing strength, he is honorably put to death. The Shilluk would probably be very confused if someone told them they were being cruel and heartless; the king's spirit, which provides the strength and vitality of the tribe, will be reincarnated in the new king. Sometimes, in order to assure that the king did not weaken (and perhaps to prevent long-term dictatorships), the king was allowed to reign for only a specified time. In some cultures, the king's reign was as short as one year; in others, as long as 19 years. An extreme practice of this custom is found in Ngoio, W. Africa, where the chief of the Musurongo is always killed on the night after his coronation. In

this practical manner, the people assure they rule themselves since no one wants the inestimable honor of being "king for a day."

Such beliefs and practices were common before men began to perceive themselves as apart from nature. Gradually, rulers who were selfish and uncaring about whether or not life on Earth continued after their reign and who just wanted to live longer and retain their power began to substitute their sons or other relatives, criminals, and/or animals for the sacrifices. As the custom became more and more removed from the concrete practice of sympathetic magic, it was transferred to an abstract "king," a god or mythical hero, who died to insure that life on Earth would continue.

The crucifixion of Jesus, "King of the Jews," also has overtones of sacrifice for the good of the community and may have been influenced by other popular religions of the time. When Jesus was born, Herod, the Roman king of Judea, attempted to find and kill the newborn babe in order to protect his throne. However, Jesus escaped because his father, Joseph, was told in a dream, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt..." When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt. And was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled, saying, "Out of Egypt have I called my son." (Matthew 2:13, 14, 15) Now, it isn't entirely clear how long Jesus was in Egypt, since according to some sources Herod died four years before Jesus was born or, in other sources, a few years after Jesus' birth. It may have been that Jesus spent his first eight to 10 years in Egypt, a place where the supreme deities were Isis and her son/brother/consort, Osiris. Osiris met an early violent death, but with the help of other Egyptian gods, Isis pieced together his broken body and revived him by the spirit generated through fanning her wings over him. "As Osiris died and rose again from the dead, so

all men hope to arise like him from death to life eternal" (Frazer, p. 3827). Whether or not the Egyptian myth had any influence on the young Jesus, when his family returned to Galilee their Jewish religion must have been confronted with alternate belief systems from their nearest neighbors, Syria on the north and Sumaria on the south.

The Semitic people of Syria/Phoenicia worshipped Adonis (whose name originally meant simply "Lord" and was turned into a proper noun by the Greeks) and Aphrodite (Astarte). This version of the Sun/Son God was stabbed to death by the war god, Ares, who turned himself into a boar (as the Roman boars/bears stabbed Jesus on the cross?). Each year he was mourned, and his resurrection on the following day was the occasion for great rejoicing.

Among the gods of the Samaritans of Southern Babylonia (south of Galilee and north of Judea), Tammuz appears as the "true son of the great water" and lover of the mother goddess, Ishtar (Astarte), who was also worshipped by the Hebrews before Moses became so irate over the golden calf incident. The women of Jerusalem wept for Tammuz at the north gate of the temple, according to the prophet Ezekiel. Tammuz also died an early and violent death and was taken to the underworld, where Ishtar followed out of love for him. While she was gone, the Earth lay dormant and fertility ceased. After certain trials, they were allowed to return to the upper world; nature revived, and mankind celebrated.

The myth of the Sun/Son God who is killed, buried, and reincarnated through the love of the Mother Goddess, who is infertile without his loving energy, is repeated in countless variations throughout the world's mythology. The story of Jesus, however, is notable in that little feminine assistance is apparent in the official version of the New Testament. Elaine Pagels in *The Gnostic Gospels* brings to light some early writings about Jesus

by disciples and others which were edited out of the Bible by patriarchs who gained control of the Church a couple of centuries after Jesus' death. In these gospels it is written that Jesus' constant companion and the one whom he loved best (to the jealous consternation of the disciples) was Mary Magdalene. This lady has been called a prostitute by many Christian authorities, although the scriptures do not indicate anywhere that she actually was. One might speculate that Mary M. had been a temple "virgin" (the word "virgin" at that time meant merely a woman who belonged to no man and said nothing about the state of her hymen) until she began to hang out with Jesus and believe what he taught. In fact, what Jesus taught wasn't so very different from the teaching of the love Goddess, Aphrodite, except that he seemed to differentiate between love and sex and emphasized that love, even without sexual expression, was the important element. However, this differentiation was a radical departure from the religious thinking of the time which oriented around either male gods who were forever warring with one another or around female goddesses, for whom love was inextricably involved with sex. No wonder he wasn't popular with either the Romans or the Jews; fighting and fucking were the favorite outdoor and indoor sports. But I digress.

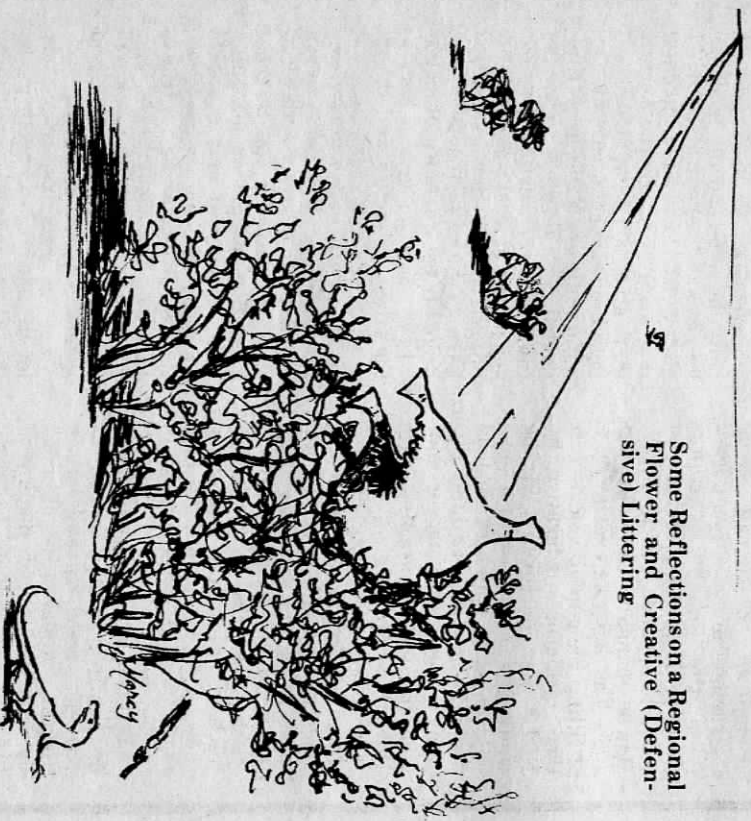
Pagels' translations say that Mary Magdalene was an important member of Jesus' retinue, that she alone attended his tomb after he was placed there, and that she was the first person to whom he appeared upon his resurrection. The Gospels of Mark and John concur with this report: "Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene..." (Mark 16:9). Why then, did the patriarchs of the Church later agree that Peter was entitled to be the first Pope, since Peter was the first man to whom Jesus appeared, and that future Popes would derive from him and his successors? Obviously, Mary M., being female, was not a "person" to the patriarchs. It's impossible to know from the garbled writings handed down over almost two thousand years what Jesus' intentions were. Perhaps he had expected Mary to take his place as teacher of the doctrine of love and acceptance, much like

the priestesses of Isis, Astarte, Aphrodite, etc.

I am in no way suggesting that Jesus was a Pagan; his avowed religion of Judaism has as its basic premise that "The Lord thy God, the Lord is One," thus encompassing gods of love, war, and any others they might want to acknowledge. The literal translation of that doctrine from the Hebrew makes it even clearer that multiple deities are being considered, as aspects of one Great Spirit. This union of plurality into unity is what Carl Jung called the "hierogamous," the holy marriage that reconciles opposites. The hierogamous is attained within oneself by accepting those thoughts and feelings that have been rejected and pushed into the unconscious mind, thus bringing them into conscious awareness and increasing one's self-knowledge and personal power. Entering into the unconscious mind and confronting the "gods" was the terrible journey conducted during the Eleusinian Mysteries celebrated annually at Eleusis and Athens in honor of the return of the god from the underworld. Entering into these Mysteries was said to confer a sense of immortality on the celebrant and to free him or her from fear of death. People who have had "return from death" experiences through the intervention of medical science also are reported to feel "resurrected" and to love life greatly while no longer fearing death.

The Easter/Ostara experience is that of the Earth and Sun returning to life and bountifulness after the "death" of winter. This experience is celebrated worldwide throughout history in myth, legend, ritual, and even the self-sacrifice of life in the profound belief that such sacrifice will ensure a better life for others and will be only a temporary sojourn into the dark from which one will re-emerge on a higher plane of existence and consciousness. I wonder if one gets the same feeling of resurrection after sitting in a dark cell for three days, having been arrested, for standing in front of a bulldozer? Her sons and lovers are still sacrificing themselves for the sake of plant and animal life on Earth. When you hunt Easter eggs (representations of the World Egg from which Mithras, the Sun God, was born), remember and appreciate Her heroes among us along with those from the past.

Some Reflections on a Regional Flower and Creative (Defensive) Littering



I propose that a concerted effort be mounted to have a western regional flower proclaimed. For this distinction, I nominate the used pampers. There are numerous symbolic and practical reasons for this nomination.

First, they are relatively abundant. They are the most obvious, contrasting roadside artifact in the creosotebush and shortgrass country from Tucson and El Paso, extending almost to Colorado Springs. This is especially true since a bounty was placed on aluminum beer cans. However, it is found locally where the socio/political microclimate is suitable. It adds critical organic matter and nutrients to the overgrazed soil, and it can spread exotic and highly communicable diseases...

Most importantly, used pampers (generic) keep the beautiful people (the ultimate source of environmental degradation) at bay. They repel backpackers and their camp followers—the promoters and developers—as effectively as creosote bush repels grass. In fact, I have never seen a vacation condo within three miles of a used pampers. Proof positive that they repel condos, ski resorts, fern bars,

legies to dispatch the Chamber of Commerce in its lair.

There are not enough used pampers in all of Albuquerque/El Paso/Juarez for El Loco to save his home town from becoming another Aspen or Boulder, so he gets creative. The day before any three-day weekend, he can be found wadding up a month's worth of *El Paso Times* and *Albuquerque Journals*, throwing the resultant wads into the back of his pickup. El Loco then drives like hell up and down the main approaches into town until the back of his truck is as clean as the blade of an adoberos shovel, spewing paper all over the countryside, plastering every oak and juniper bush and stop sign with highly unattractive cellulose.

Instant Third World! He claims he could make Nob Hill look like Resurrection City in one day—definitely a place where you wouldn't want to visit, let alone live. El Loco does get arrested from time to time (on his way to the dump), but he claims that fines are nothing compared to the property taxes he would be paying if the place was discovered by the beautiful people.

—The Masked Mason

THEY WILL INHERIT

graffiti seen on
Utah I-80 overpass
to Aragonite (no services):

*kill ecology freaks
sic
sick*

At a Snail's Pace

My Father and Ronald Reagan

I asked my father
how he feels
after working 55 years
as a shirt cutter
having his Social Security
and Medicaid threatened
by a reptile and a general
while planning 4 wars
and a holocaust.
He said, "go to the top, Allen,
at whatever you do,
go to the top."

—Allen Cohen
(From *The Reagan Poems*, San Francisco, 1981)

Speak softly

benefits of PLANET EARTH

1. ~~so beautiful,~~
2. ~~the earth is so beautiful,~~
3. ~~the earth is so beautiful,~~
4. ~~the earth is so beautiful,~~
5. ~~the earth is so beautiful,~~
6. ~~the earth is so beautiful,~~

—Mark Melnicove



The morning
full of bird songs
when one
would be enough

—Dennis Malone

ARMED WITH VISIONS

Submissions are invited of poems, songs, spoofs, and all eco-radical or earth-nurturing work. Include SASE if you want work returned. All rights reserved to the authors. Send pieces to Art Goodtimes, Box 1008, Telluride, CO 81435.

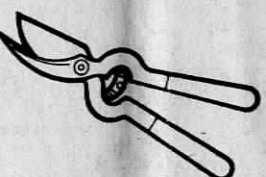


WHEN YOUR MOUTH IS BONE DRY,

At twenty, love is blind;
at thirty, love is still blind,
but it counts the silverware.

—Dick Ganci

GREEN-THUMB



silence is permission

The deadly lack of outcry that strangles
to not use your voice is to be an accomplice
the blood is on *your* hands
when your mouth is closed
eyes averted

silence is permission

the slaughter goes with your sanction
since you lift no finger to stop it
since you sit silently
waiting for someone else
to be outraged enough to act

silence is permission

and this is why I cry at night
why I stand before you
begging for noise
open your mouths Now

—Luna

They're not as
innocent as they seem.

My plants need watering.

Snow melts from sagebrush:
no gain,
no loss,
nothing to spare.

—Chip Rawlings

WEB Pssst.

I open the window to look at the moon
And there, in a corner,
A spider's web outlined in dew:
Enormous. Perfect. Shimmering.
You take my hand as if to kiss.
Or sink your teeth into the palm
But instead lift it to your face
To touch the drops condensed on your beard.

—Miriam Sagan

THE EARTH DOES NOT BELONG TO MAN - MAN - MAN -
LORENZO

On Indian Flat

—Lauren Davis

Last night woke up to
"crunch CRUNCH"
around the kitchen door.
Got up to patrol the kitchen...
nobody there.
Looked outside...
thought I saw a whisper of soft shadow
in the moonlight.
Hmmm...

Back to bed amid frosty cloud breath.
But again
"crunch CRUNCH crunch"
(by the other door now)
Ponder with hearth beating fast...
Ahhhh!

Deer footsteps in the frozen grass.

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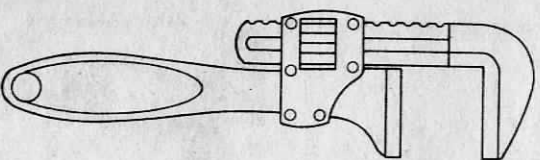
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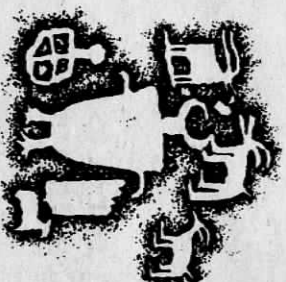
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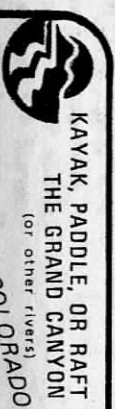
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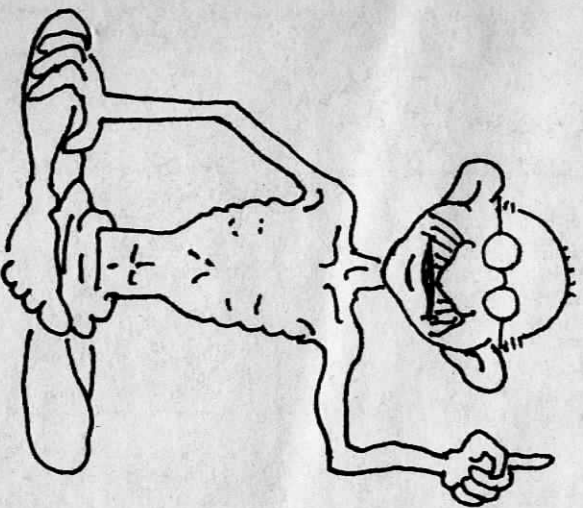
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YULE Dec. 21: 1981 *EFF* Road Show overview, treespiking, *EFF* Preserves.

BRIGID Feb. 2: Oil and Gas leasing in Wilderness Areas, Dave Foreman's *EFF* article reprinted from the *Progressive*.

EOSTAR RITUAL Mar. 20 Nukedump in Canyonlands, Mardie Murie Interview, Glen Canyon Dam petition, Ned Ludd Books—what they're all about, Coors boycott.

BELTANE May 1: Little Granite rig and the Gros Ventre, Gasquet-Orleans (GO) Road, How seismic survey crews work, Jail: A Primer—preparing for civil disobedience arrest.

LITHA June 21: McKinley Grove Redwoods Threatened, 22 Things to do as an *EFFer*.

LUGHNASAD Aug. 1: Pete Dustrud resigns as Editor, RRR highlights, Rally for Redwoods and proposed dam on Dinkey

Creek, Little Granite Stakes Pulled—Again.

MABON Sept. 21: *EFF* and SAFE Crack Hetch-Hetchy, Environmental Strategy for '80s, "Road Spiking," Marshall's 1936 Roadless Area Inventory, Update on Little Granite

SAMHAIN Nov. 1: BLM wilderness inventory in Utah exposed, Abbey on Books and Gurus, Closing Roads, Forest Service Assault on Big Wilderness, Nuclear War as an Ecological Issue, Guidelines on *EFF* Wilderness Proposals.

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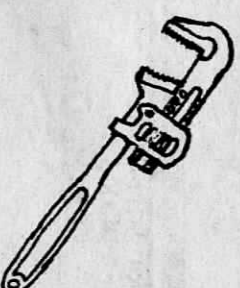
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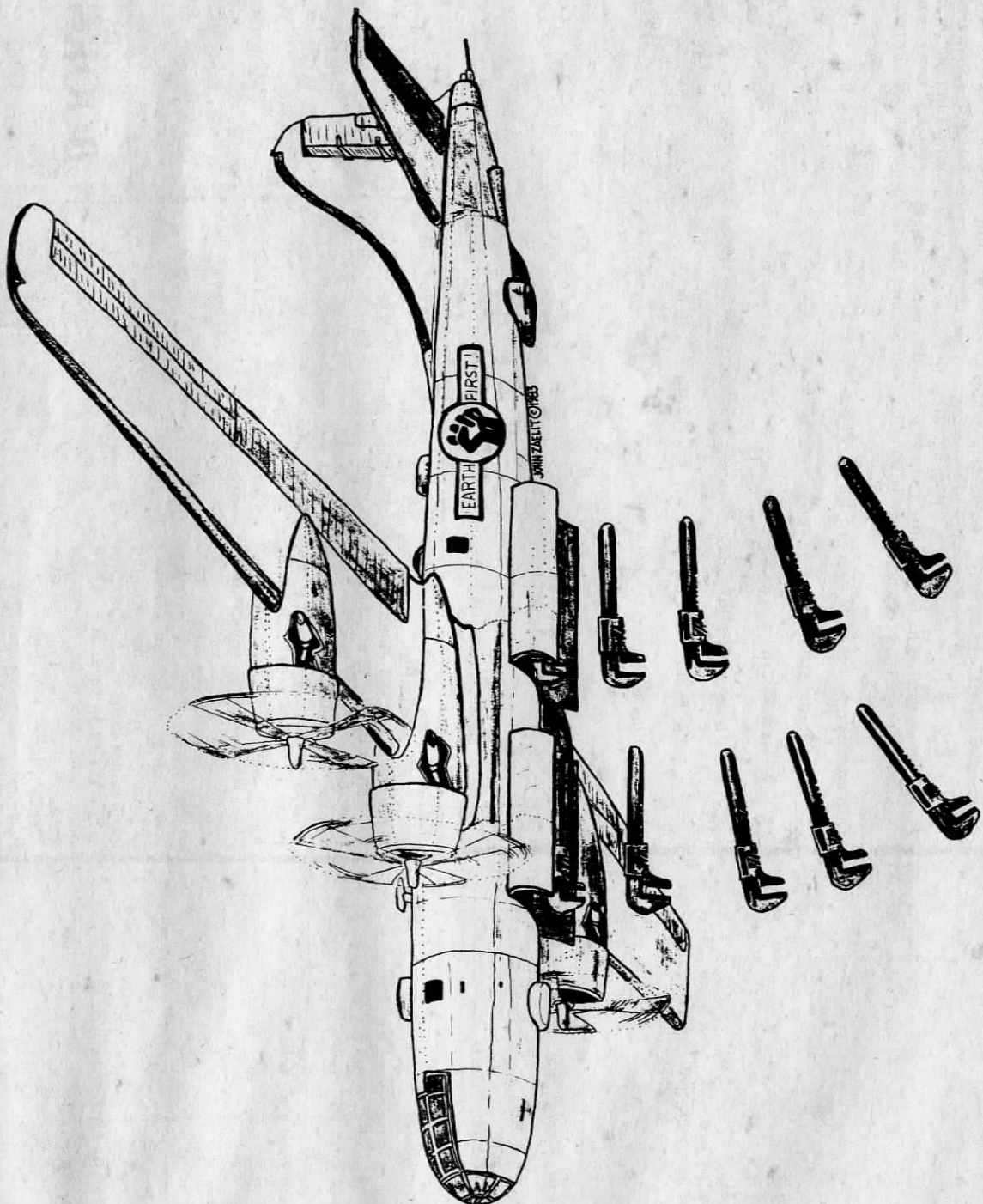
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